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TURKEY AND EUROPE.

THE form in which the Turkish Government rejected the proposals of the European Powers was only important as it indicated a determination to put an end to the discussion. Correspondents who apparently receive their instructions from General IGNATIEFF waste their ingenuity in attributing to the GRAND VIZIER strong language which would have been quite unnecessary for the attainment of his object. It is evident that the Ministers summoned the Grand Council for the purpose of obtaining an apparently popular sanction for decisions which had been already formed. No judicious statesman, with power to adopt his own course, would seriously remit a vital question of policy to the discretion of any such miscellaneous assembly. The formal appeal to public opinion is accordant with the best precedents which have been established by constitutional Ministers. A vote of the House of Commons, or even of a Continental Chamber of Deputies, relieves a Government of ostensible responsibility, and stamps a resolution as absolute and final. The Grand Council probably represents the opinions of the governing class, as they are inspired or modified by the popular feeling of the Mahometans. In supporting the Government it serves the purpose of a Parliament so well that it seems unnecessary to substitute for an Assembly of Notables a couple of exotic Chambers which are to derive their authority from election. The concurrence of sixty Christian members in the unanimous vote of the Grand Council was probably foreseen when they were summoned to take part in the formal deliberation. The Greek PATRIARCH may possibly have represented the wishes of his nation in objecting to concessions in favour of the schismatic adherents of his Bulgarian rival. The Armenian PATRIARCH was not entitled to speak on behalf of his countrymen in Asia; and, except in Constantinople, and perhaps in one or two other towns on the coast, there is no considerable Armenian population in Europe. The other Christian members would probably have been indisposed to incur the displeasure of the Government, even if they had sympathized with the inhabitants of Bosnia and Bulgaria. The Council may perhaps have really represented the temporary irritation of the Greeks, and there can be little doubt that it expressed the determination of the Turkish population not to yield without a struggle.

It may be doubted whether a still further reduction of the original demands of the Plenipotentiaries would have removed the objection of the Porte to European dictation. There would perhaps have been little difficulty in the arrangements which affected Serbia and Montenegro; and the proposed reforms in the method of collecting the taxes had been contained in the ANDRASSY Note which was accepted by the Turks a year ago. All proposals relating either to the distribution of troops or to a foreign or native police appear to have been abandoned. There remained the proposed concurrence of the Powers in the nomination of the Provincial Governors, and the institution of some International Commission which was to exercise undefined functions of advice and interference. There could have been no difficulty in selecting high functionaries, such as NUBAR PASHA, who would have commanded general confidence; but the technical interference with the sovereignty of the SULTAN may perhaps have affected Turkish susceptibility. The vague attributes of the proposed Council were open to more plausible objections; yet the rejection of the entire project, involving a forfeiture of all claim to the pro-

tection of any European Power, seems to have been highly impolitic. The GRAND VIZIER, according to an apparently authentic version of his speech, reminded the Council that both England and Austria had acted in concert with Russia; and he is said to have dilated on the imperfect organization of the army, and on the difficulty of obtaining the most necessary military stores. It may be conjectured that he at the same time allowed his audience to understand that the Government regarded the proposals of the Plenipotentiaries as inadmissible; but it is almost surprising that the arguments by which he illustrated the danger of a rupture should have failed to convince himself. Even a successful defensive campaign would inflict enormous injury on Turkey; and the Government must be well aware that it challenges an unequal contest. The alleged risk of provoking indigenous fanaticism by concession is probably exaggerated. Mahometans understand as well as Christians the occasional necessity of yielding to irresistible force.

The rebuff which has been incurred by the other parties to the Conference is not without compensation. If the Russian Government really desires peace, the negotiations at Constantinople have provided a kind of excuse for retracting the declarations which the EMPEROR made at Moscow. Some Russian journals already announce that England rather than Russia has been checked at Constantinople; and it is more or less plausibly argued that, if Europe declines to enforce a collective demand, one Power cannot be expected alone to execute the common decision. The English Government has no need to resort to far-fetched reasons for consolation in apparent diplomatic failure. Their opponents can scarcely assert in future that Turkish obstinacy is founded on the reliance of the governing classes on English support. The Russian organs indeed pretended to the last that Sir HENRY ELLIOT was secretly encouraging the Porte to resist Lord SALISBURY'S demands; but the calumny will scarcely be repeated in Parliament. It may perhaps hereafter appear that long experience had guarded Sir HENRY ELLIOT against popular delusions which have now at last been dispelled. It seems that the PRIME MINISTER before the close of the negotiations communicated informally to the Turkish Government the unanimous concurrence of the Cabinet in Lord SALISBURY'S policy, which indeed was necessarily founded on his instructions. It now appears that the Turks have feelings and opinions of their own which they prefer even to the favour of their oldest ally. It follows that Lord DERBY was justified in his reluctance to make recommendations which his Government had no power to enforce; and that the expediency of the peremptory demands which he afterwards urged on the Porte was more than doubtful. The Conference has at least produced the advantage of removing all doubt as to any claim of Turkey to English protection against an attack by Russia. The hasty politicians who have lately insisted on the duty of hostile measures against Turkey cannot at the same time believe that England has incurred any obligation to interfere on the other side. At some future time English interests may possibly require measures to check the territorial aggrandizement of Russia; but the invasion of Turkey which may not improbably be undertaken in the spring will involve no cause of war between England and Russia.

The Conference was proposed by the English Government, together with a prolonged armistice, which had up to that time been discountenanced by Russia. The progress of the Turkish arms in Serbia virtually ended the local

war, even before the sudden demand of Russia for a cessation of hostilities. The agreement for a Conference and the consequent negotiations have secured an interval of peace, and it depends on the policy of Russia whether the contest will recommence on a greatly enlarged scale. If peace is possible, it will have been facilitated by the measure which has otherwise not succeeded. It seems to have been assumed that the provisions which might be adopted for the reform of the abuses of Turkish administration would be more or less stringent according to the decisions of the Conference. One class of politicians regarded with undisguised complacency the opportunity of inflicting an affront on the Turks by excluding them from the preliminary debates of a Conference assembled in their own capital. It now appears that it would have been prudent to add no artificial obstacles to the accomplishment of a task which was perhaps intrinsically impracticable. No Power, with the doubtful exception of Russia, is prepared to go to war in consequence of the rejection of the proposals; and consequently, after a year and a half of barren discussion, no additional security has been directly provided by Europe for the improved administration of any part of Turkey. The insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina seems virtually to have ended with the appearance of the Servians and Montenegrins in their real character as belligerents. The Porte may perhaps make terms with Montenegro, and it has now nothing more to fear from Servia. The enlightened Minister who directs the councils of the Porte will probably exert himself to improve the provincial administration, though his artificial Constitution is not calculated to inspire confidence. For the moment he is not troubled with ANDRASSY Notes or Berlin Memorandums; but there is little reason to hope that he will be able to effect permanent organic changes. As long as the Russian army threatens the Northern frontier, the attention of the Government will be chiefly engaged with military preparations; and the demands of the central authorities on the provincial resources are more likely to be increased than to be diminished. Nothing is known of the impression produced on any class of the population by the new Constitution. Any reform would be more effectually introduced by the authority of the sovereign than by the interference of a sham Parliament; but it is barely possible that the project may be regarded as a more formal proclamation of equality than any of the numerous decrees of the same purport which have been issued in the name of the SULTAN. All Europe will concur in the resolution of the Plenipotentiaries to decline all recognition of a mere verbal proclamation. If the Constitution hereafter produces any beneficial result, the interference of the European Powers in Turkish affairs will not have been wholly abortive.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AT LIVERPOOL.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in his speech to the Liverpool Conservative Association, was quite as communicative as could be reasonably expected, though he may perhaps have disappointed his hearers. His more special apology for the conduct of his own department probably excited little interest. It was indeed hard that the chairman of the meeting should have inadvertently stated that the present Government had made no remission of taxes. It appeared, on the contrary, that the town of Liverpool has, in the form of cheap sugar, of untaxed horses, and of aided local rates, received from the benevolent CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER a respectable number of thousands a year. The unintentional slip of a speaker who naturally desired to make the most of Ministerial merits indicated the inability of ordinary politicians to think of more than one thing at a time. It is as useless to speak on general subjects while the Eastern question is pending as it would have been six-and-twenty years ago to divert the attention of a meeting from the Papal Aggression, or, at a still earlier time, from the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. Perhaps the Liverpool Conservatives may have entertained a sanguine hope that they would elicit the formal defence against hostile accusations which is prudently reserved for Parliament. On reflection they cannot but admit that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would have been unaccountably rash if he had given the enemies of his Government a fortnight to concoct plausible replies to any arguments which he might have

proponounded. In its present temper the Opposition would denounce the Government if Lord DERBY could prove that he had secured to the Bulgarians perpetual immunity from outrage; or even that he had persuaded or compelled the Turks to remove themselves, bag and baggage, from Europe. There are two sides to every question, and a Government which has obtained a perfect success may always be taunted with not having done earlier what is shown by its own achievements to have been possible. The real state of the case is very different; but the leaders of the Opposition cannot finally determine their line of attack until the Ministers have disclosed their plan of defence. Mr. GLADSTONE himself declined at Frome to propose a future policy which might possibly, to his inevitable discomfiture, have been anticipated by the Government. He is now only pledged to the conjecture that one of the Ministers is not individually to blame. That the Cabinet in its collective capacity is culpable he is certain, though he is not yet informed of the details, or perhaps of the nature, of their blunders and their crimes.

Notwithstanding his judicious reserve, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE made two or three statements of not inconsiderable importance. He was perhaps scarcely justified in accusing the Opposition of having been the sole authors of an erroneous belief in the warlike intentions of the Government. Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Guildhall speech, delivered immediately after the pacific declarations of the Emperor ALEXANDER, would have furnished better evidence of a disposition to go to war if it had not been partially corrected by the more prudent language of his colleagues. It may perhaps have been desirable on some suitable occasion to remind foreign nations that England is still a formidable Power; but at the moment a boast of ability to sustain a succession of campaigns could only be understood as a menace; and Russia was the only State to which the challenge could be addressed. The alarm would have been more serious if the country had not been long accustomed to make allowance for the rhetorical phrases of the PRIME MINISTER. The Opposition have a right to complain that, under the present Government, official declarations cannot be understood in their natural sense; but for the paradoxes of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S character and career, the party which acknowledges him as its chief, and the nation which has on the whole applauded his unparalleled success, share the responsibility with himself. It is, after all, more material to know what the Government did than what Lord BEACONSFIELD said; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE explicitly states that no war with Russia was at any time contemplated. It is also satisfactory to receive an official assurance that the Government is not, in deference to a hasty section of politicians, about to perpetrate the ruinous folly of a war with Turkey. In Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S judgment, the rejection of the proposals of the Conference is not a ground of quarrel, or even of complaint. The Turks had, in his opinion, a perfect right to exercise a discretion, although he of course adds that he thinks their decision impolitic in reference to their own interests. The English Government, he says, had a certain duty of intervention; but coercion was never even thought of. Whether intervention is either prudent or useful when there is no purpose of employing force may be fairly questioned; but the Ministers will have no difficulty in citing precedents both for their interference and for their acquiescence in the rejection of their advice. Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S proposals for the redress of Polish grievances in 1863 were exactly analogous to the reforms which were pressed by the Conference on the Porte. Then, as now, the refusal of an independent Power to accept advice was considered final; and then, as now, it was more doubtful whether a display of officious benevolence was advisable than whether misgovernment of a foreign population was a legitimate cause of war. Prince GORTCHAKOFF then closed the correspondence by politely assuring Lord JOHN RUSSELL that his friendly regard for England induced him to terminate a controversy in which agreement was hopeless. It is not likely that the Porte will for the present be troubled with a renewal of English advice. It may be true that, under the provisions of the Treaty of 1856, the English Government had a technical right to remonstrate against Turkish maladministration; but there was no use in counsels which were not enforced by a threat of either withdrawing protection or applying force. The inconsistency of which the Ministers may be accused is to be found in the express language of the Treaty. The SULTAN, while he undertook to govern justly, stipulated

that his promise should give the European Powers no right of interference. This undertaking was analogous to a contract to pay a sum of money, with a proviso that the other party should have no right to demand payment.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's second speech added nothing to the first, except in his denial that the Conference had altogether failed. In other words, it has been of some use, though perhaps not altogether for the reasons which the Minister thought it prudent to allege. It seems that suspicions have been dissipated, though it is scarcely for such a purpose that formal Conferences are held. It would perhaps not have been convenient to explain more fully a statement which probably implies the establishment of some kind of understanding between England and Russia. It may perhaps be true that the Russian Government is inclined to propose that the Conference should re-assemble at some other place; but, according to the same report, Lord DERBY declared that Conferences met, not for the sake of meeting, but for the adoption of some definite policy. The suspicion that the Russian Government meditates a war of conquest will assuredly not be dissipated as long as one great army is assembling in Bessarabia, and another is ready for action to the South of the Caucasus. If the Russians, on the other hand, suspected that England would take an active part in defence of Turkey, they have by this time learnt their mistake. Whether the three Imperial Courts have in any manner cleared up the suspicions which from time to time affect the cordiality of their alliance is still a secret. A more obvious and definite result of the Conference is the practical confutation of the doctrine that England was in some unexplained way responsible for all the misdeeds of the Porte. It has now been conclusively proved that Lord DERBY judged rightly in his unwillingness to concur in the ANDRASSY Note, and in his refusal to sign the Berlin Memorandum. Both documents were prepared on the assumption that Turkey would at once submit to any terms which might be imposed by the Great Powers. It now appears that the formal acceptance of the ANDRASSY Note marked the extreme limits of Turkish deference. The late SULTAN and his Ministers perhaps foresaw that it would be impossible to execute the promised reforms during the continuance of the insurrection. There was at that time no question of an International Commission or of a foreign occupation of disturbed provinces. The massacres in Bulgaria afterwards changed the state of affairs by giving the Powers a moral right of remonstrance; but no English Minister would have been justified in pledging his Government to active interference on behalf of the oppressed subjects of a foreign State. The satisfaction which may be felt by any of the parties to the Conference will scarcely be shared by the Christian inhabitants of Bosnia and Bulgaria. It may be hoped that the GRAND VIZIER will, as long as he retains power, endeavour to apply throughout the Empire the principles of justice and humanity by which his provincial administration was distinguished; but, except indirectly, the European Governments have effected nothing for their clients. General IGNATIEFF never exercised on their behalf the unbounded influence over the Turkish Government which he possessed for many years. The only Power which really felt any sympathy for the victims of oppression has now relinquished the right of interference which it derived from the belief that it would protect Turkey against Russia. There is no reason to believe that the English Government could have advantageously varied the policy which, in accordance with his instructions, Lord SALISBURY pursued at Constantinople. The original demands were perhaps framed too stringently, under a mistaken impression of the necessity of satisfying the supposed exigencies of Russia; but at an early stage in the discussion the Porte was informed of the concessions which the Plenipotentiaries were ready to make; and there can be little doubt that any possible form of guarantee would have been obstinately refused. The party struggle at the beginning of the approaching Session will lose much of its spirit through the obvious impossibility of producing any practical result. It is true that the Opposition would prefer a change of Ministry to any possible solution of the Eastern question; but there is no reason to believe that Lord BEACONSFIELD's majority has been seriously impaired.

FRENCH PARTIES.

THOUGH the Session of the French Chambers has nominally begun, Senators and Deputies have till now been enjoying a virtual holiday. They feel perhaps that there is not very much for them to do when they meet, and they have some dread of finding themselves embarked in the occupations ordinarily reserved for idle hands. Unfortunately this apprehension is not wholly destitute of reason. The present Session is one to which the well-wishers of France are justified in looking forward with some anxiety. There is no particular question which can be singled out as the ground of alarm, but the general temper of parties seems to be more restless than usual. Even the Duke DECAZES, who has hitherto been the link between each new Cabinet and its predecessor, is now said to be on such bad terms with M. JULES SIMON that his resignation may shortly be looked for. The DUKE has been a prudent and successful Foreign Minister; but the external policy of France is so rigidly marked out by circumstances that the change would in itself have no importance. But it would be serious as indicating the highest point which the discontent of the Conservative party with the new order of things has yet attained. The Duke DECAZES is a Conservative of a very moderate type, and if he cannot serve under M. SIMON there seems nothing left for the moderate Conservatives to do save to go into active opposition. They are not likely again to resort to a policy of simple abstention from politics; and as at present it would be impossible for them to form a Government, their activity must take the form of attempts either to obtain a better Chamber of Deputies or a better Constitution. Neither prospect is very encouraging to those who hold that for the present political tranquillity is what France most needs.

When M. SIMON took office it was said that Marshal MACMAHON had consented to accept him as First Minister on the advice of the Duke of BROGLIE. Probably this statement was not true as it stood, but it may have embodied in a definite and piquant form the known views of the DUKE as to the consequences of any advance in the direction of Radicalism. If the Duke of BROGLIE and his friends are of opinion that things must be worse before they can be better, and that the sooner the Republic shows itself in its true colours the sooner it will disgust the native good sense of the French people, the retirement of the Duke DECAZES from the Ministry would enable him to press this view with additional urgency. The Duke DECAZES, he might say, thought better of the Republican party than I did. He served under M. DUFFAURE; he was not shocked by the Radicalism of M. RICARD or of M. DE MARCÈRE; he was even willing to retain his place in the Cabinet when it was reconstituted under M. JULES SIMON. Now he has recognized the impossibility of playing this conciliatory part any longer. The Cabinet has lost the one tie that united it to the Conservatives, and has been shown to be as Radical as any one short of an Irreconcilable could desire. It is impossible to say whether this kind of talk would have any political results without knowing the plans of the party to which the Duke of BROGLIE belongs. The rumours of an Orléanist conspiracy which have lately been set on foot are sufficiently absurd; but conspiracy is a term that has many shades of meaning, and there is nothing to show that the Orléanists have abandoned the hope of seeing France once more governed after a fashion more agreeable to their tastes and interests than any which is to be hoped for under the Republic. In determining to withdraw from public life, the Princes of ORLEANS built up a standing though silent protest against the existing order of things. They had the choice of taking their place among the first citizens of the Republic, or of standing apart as men who, though in the Republic, are not of it. They considered that their duty to their family and their name made the latter course incumbent upon them, and in a matter of this kind they were themselves the only possible judges. But the position they assumed carried certain characteristics with it. The descendants of kings do not for ever remain self-excluded from taking any share in the government of their country because that government is no longer monarchical. They only remain self-excluded so long as there seems reason to think that their countrymen may yet find Republicanism unsuited to their needs, and may return with the more readiness to the Monarchy because it has not forced itself upon their notice prematurely. The attitude of the Princes of ORLEANS naturally

determines the attitude of their partisans. There is no cause to suppose that the Orleanists are thinking of any immediate attempt to modify the Constitution in a sense which, if not monarchical, should at least leave an open door through which Monarchy might enter; but it is highly probable that it is only a question of time and occasion with them when they shall make such an attempt. In the interval, everything that goes to show that the Republic is distasteful to moderate politicians is so much to the good.

Their chances of success might be greater if they had not to bear the unpopularity which the acts of the other section of the Royalist party are continually exciting afresh. If the Orleanists are quiet and prudent because they have not given up all hopes of a restoration such as they would wish to see accomplished, the conduct of the Legitimists may perhaps be explained by the circumstance that they no longer entertain any hopes. Their present tactics seem designed to convert every hesitating Frenchman into a declared Republican. Their organs speak mysteriously of the abyss into which French society is falling, of the unwearied care with which the "KING" watches over his erring and ungrateful subjects, and of the certainty of his reappearance at the right moment to save them from the last and worst consequences of their misdeeds. The articles which appeared in the Legitimist journals on the anniversary of LOUIS XVI.'s execution read like fragments from a lost chapter of the Apocalypse describing the reign of ANTICHRIST. Those who are on the whole fairly satisfied with the progress that France has made during the present century, and are at all events not anxious to exchange their existing condition for the condition that would have been theirs under the old Monarchy, are not likely to feel any great affection for a party which curses all that the ordinary Frenchman thinks he has gained, and blesses all that the ordinary Frenchman congratulates himself on having lost. No one would think of taking it ill that the Legitimists should keep the anniversary of LOUIS XVI.'s death as a day of sympathizing commiseration of the unequalled sufferings of the Royal House. But what would be harmless and even politic as a tribute of personal sorrow becomes mischievous to their own cause when it assumes the proportions of a public act: If there is any chance still left for Monarchy in France, it is for a very different Monarchy from that of which LOUIS XVI. was the last representative. Perhaps the Legitimists are not blind to this fact, and the object of their manifestations is to ensure that, if there is no chance for a Monarchy such as they would like to see restored, there shall be equally little for any other. The melancholy truth that the Count of PARIS is the heir and successor of HENRY V. may be the real motive of what on the surface looks like inexplicable imprudence. There are numerous instances in which political parties have disliked those who came nearest, but not near enough, to themselves, more keenly than their declared enemies. It is unfortunate for the Orleanists that the celebrations of this anniversary were not confined to the banquets in which a few of the lowest class of Republicans have chosen to display their undying hatred to the principle of Monarchy. They are to be followed, it is said, by similar festivities on the anniversary of the execution of "la Veuve CAPET," and these tasteful manifestations, had they been left to take their natural effect on those who heard of them, would have disgusted all decent Frenchmen, and perhaps led some of them to attribute to the Republican party the excesses of its most extravagant members. So far as the Legitimists could prevent this result by opposite manifestations of a scarcely less exaggerated type, they have been careful to do so.

Trouble seems to be in store for M. JULES SIMON from the Republican side of the Chamber as well as from the Conservative. The Committee on the Budget was to have been composed of thirty-three members, chosen in equal numbers from the three sections of the Left. M. GAMBETTA was to have been conciliated by being again elected President, and at the same time to have been rendered harmless by the maintenance of such a nice balance of parties as would always leave him in a minority in every important division. This ingenious scheme has been completely upset by the election of twenty members taken from the Extreme Left, and of eight taken from the Moderate Left, thus leaving only five seats in the Committee to be shared between the two Centres. Whether M. GAMBETTA will use the power thus given him to continue his attacks upon M. LÉON

SAY's schemes of taxation may be doubtful; but it is almost certain that he will make similar reductions in the new Ecclesiastical Budget to those which he introduced into the last. Upon this point it seems impossible that he should take a more moderate course. He has persuaded his followers to make so many concessions to prudent counsels that they naturally expect to be given their head in some direction or other. Both by temper and policy M. GAMBETTA is disposed to look for this compensation on the ecclesiastical side of public affairs, and he could hardly change his tone now without trying the fidelity of his party too hard. A second ecclesiastical Session will be a misfortune for France, but it is a misfortune from which there seems to be no escape.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE article on Mr. MARTIN's *Life of the Prince Consort*, published in the current number of the *Church Quarterly Review*, would have deserved attention even if it had been really as well as formally anonymous; but a peculiar interest attaches to comments on the most delicate constitutional questions made by a former Prime Minister. As it is understood that Mr. GLADSTONE, while he judiciously withholds his name, makes no secret of the authorship of the essay, there is no impropriety in disregarding a merely conventional secrecy. It would have been easy to penetrate a closer disguise by the aid of internal evidence. Not many writers of the same rank and character would go out of their way to sneer at "what is questionably called 'good society,'" in the same tone in which Mr. GLADSTONE lately denounced the frequenters of Clubs, or, in other words, the class which is least enthusiastic in its sympathy with rhetorical impulse and passionate policy. The suggestion that Englishmen of the upper classes disliked Prince ALBERT because he was not, like themselves, vicious, idle, extravagant, and luxurious, is neither just nor inoffensive. Only one living statesman could have devised the fanciful parallel between PITT and the PRINCE CONSORT, founded on the coincidence that both had for the first time to deal with the question of war at nearly the same age. The writer holds that Prince ALBERT attained the summit of his career at the time of the first Exhibition. That the PRINCE displayed vigour and judgment in the conduct of a useful and hopeful enterprise will not be disputed by the readers of Mr. MARTIN's book. There was much nonsense talked at the time about the pacific tendency of the undertaking, as indeed the topic of the day, whatever it may be, naturally offers facilities for exaggeration. It could scarcely have been thought possible that, after a quarter of a century, a grave politician should assert that the Exhibition was "a great work of peace upon earth." Soon after the close of the Exhibition a less happy era recommenced with that Crimean war which, except for occasional purposes of apology or of polemical argument, has always been to Mr. GLADSTONE the most distasteful of events. The Minister who moved the vote for conveying the Guards to Malta and back again was two years afterwards the most virulent adversary of the Government which was then charged with the conduct of the war. During the recent controversy Mr. GLADSTONE, in defending the policy of the war, has attributed to himself, through imperfect recollection, an inconsistency of which he cannot be justly accused. In office he acted with the section of the Cabinet which disapproved of the policy of the war; and after his resignation he used every effort to thwart the measures of the Government.

There is not the smallest ground for the novel theory that the occurrence of war in Europe "was a great misfortune to the PRINCE," of whom the writer had previously said that "he applies a stronger and sharper insight to the Eastern question, as it emerged in 1853, than to the problems offered to his notice by the land of his birth." The foolish clamour which was raised against the PRINCE during the early part of the war left him, when it was dissipated, more powerful and more conspicuous than he had been before it was raised. Mr. MARTIN records the satisfaction with which the PRINCE noticed the popular discovery that he was not merely an ornament or a cipher in the State. His temporary unpopularity was wholly caused by an unfounded suspicion, not that he interfered in public affairs, but that he used his influence for the purpose of thwarting the earnest and almost unanimous wishes of the

nation. It is now ascertained that the PRINCE CONSORT was firmly convinced of the justice and necessity of the war from the time when the Emperor NICHOLAS surreptitiously attempted, in the Vienna Note, to acquire the protectorate which Mr. GLADSTONE erroneously declared at Frome that Russia already possessed. The only serious political mistake in the PRINCE's career was committed in his conflict with Lord PALMERSTON, two or three years before the Crimean war; but it is true that in 1854 he seems theoretically to have adopted some absurd doctrines which were elaborately propounded by Baron STOCKMAR. The writer in the *Church Quarterly* justly disapproves both of Prince ALBERT's letter to Lord PALMERSTON and of STOCKMAR's pedantic propositions. Mr. GLADSTONE is probably not one of the small and well-informed minority which shared Prince ALBERT's opinions on the Schleswig-Holstein question; nor are the merits of the case material to the formation of a judgment on the untenable claim of the Crown to overrule the decisions of the Foreign Minister and the Cabinet. The PRINCE waived the question of etiquette, in which Lord PALMERSTON may have been in the wrong, by complaining that the QUEEN had almost uniformly disagreed with Lord PALMERSTON on matters of foreign policy. The proposal that the Foreign Secretary should communicate with the Crown exclusively through the Prime Minister was, as Mr. GLADSTONE shows, in itself objectionable. As he truly says, the Prime Minister ought first to arrive at an understanding with his colleague, and then to communicate their joint conclusions to the Sovereign.

The confutation of Baron STOCKMAR's odd theory of the Constitution is forcible and complete. No project could be more absurd than that the King, or the personal representative of the Queen, should exercise the prerogative by presiding at Cabinet Councils. STOCKMAR had evidently failed, after long observation, to master the fundamental proposition that a modern English Cabinet is a governing Committee of the Parliamentary majority. It matters little for the immediate purpose whether the prerogative had or had not been impaired during recent reigns. The distribution of power between the Crown and the responsible Ministers could not have been affected by any attempt of the PRINCE CONSORT to alter the ordinary course of business. When a practical question requires decision, there can scarcely be a less profitable occupation than to sit down and write an essay in which the arguments on both sides are formally balanced; but STOCKMAR cherished a thoroughly German faith in the virtues of pen and ink, and his pupil had acquired from him the same tedious habit. When STOCKMAR proposed that the PRINCE OF WALES should be educated both in the faith of the Church of England and in the doctrines of German Rationalism, the QUEEN and the PRINCE CONSORT tacitly disregarded the theories of their friendly adviser. Treatises, especially when they are written by Germans, are stuffed with general propositions, which are seldom available for the guidance of conduct in particular cases. The homely English intellect, after listening to profound reasons for paradoxical propositions, blurts out the illogical conclusion that, "after all, the "Duchess of SUFFOLK must have been some relation to her "son." As Mr. GLADSTONE well says, every mechanic has knacks and professional secrets which are inaccessible to amateur spectators. The best excuse for Baron STOCKMAR's philosophical blunders is that the English Constitution is the most peculiar and unsystematic combination of forces which has existed in the world. Every part of it admits of historical explanation, and many seeming anomalies may be retrospectively justified; but only those who have been through life familiar with its construction and operation understand whether a proposed innovation is consistent with its principle and practice.

A participation in the minor foibles of human nature tends to attract sympathy; and perhaps the eminent commentator becomes most interesting in digressions which are evidently suggested by his favourite antipathies. The POPE, the ARCHBISHOPS, and Lord BEACONSFIELD have nothing to do with the advice which Baron STOCKMAR addressed to Prince ALBERT more than twenty years ago; but the common element of Mr. GLADSTONE's special or general disapproval gives a certain unity to apparently irrelevant episodes. Lord BEACONSFIELD's defects are not those of Baron STOCKMAR, but neither of them has the good fortune of pleasing Mr. GLADSTONE. PIUS IX. is brought into connexion with Prince ALBERT rather by contrast than by similarity. It seems that the POPE has encouraged his sycophants

to call him PIUS the GREAT, whereas the PRINCE never arrogated to himself so invidious a title. A constitutional writer of high political and official authority might have advantageously extended his remarks to elements in the Constitution which are still more mysterious than a limited prerogative. When the Cabinet itself is not known to the law, it is not surprising that the duties and responsibilities of a Leader of Opposition should rest still more vaguely on political tradition and instinct. It is commonly asserted that an Opposition is held in check by its liability to succeed to office; but a Minister who has permanently retired, and who nevertheless is the habitual and formidable adversary of the Government, may perhaps render necessary some new classification. During the interval between his resignation and his death Sir ROBERT PEEL occupied with admirable judgment and temper, to great public advantage, the first position in the House of Commons, though he had ceased to be a candidate for office. In general he gave disinterested and steady support to the Government of the day; and if, as in his last speech, he was compelled to express disapproval of their policy, he tempered his opposition by courteous recognition of the great qualities of the statesmen whom he thought himself bound to censure. It is not recorded that Sir ROBERT PEEL either discounted measures for preventing the spread of disease, or condescended to blame the Treasury for undertaking the prosecution of an alleged impostor. Baron STOCKMAR could perhaps have proved, on twenty sheets of letter-paper, that it was the duty of a great political moralist to denounce, without regard of consequences, statesmen whom he distrusted and measures which he disapproved. On vaccination and Spiritualism, as well as on Bulgarian atrocities, eloquence may perhaps be fitly used to enforce the convictions of the moment. The only objection to independent and irresponsible pugnacity is that the working of the Constitution depends on adherence to the conventional rules by which the Government and the Opposition are ordinarily bound.

THE FAMINE IN THE DECCAN:

SOME time must, we suppose, yet pass before the particulars of the famine in the Deccan can be made public. The SECRETARY of STATE cannot give what he has not got, and a great part of the official knowledge on the subject must still be gained from telegrams. When the despatches mentioned by the *Calcutta Correspondent of the Times* have reached the India Office, the Government will for the first time be in possession of the full extent of the calamity that has to be met, and of the precise manner in which the Government of India proposes to meet it. We believe that the latest news that the India Office has to tell is contained in the summary which appeared in the morning papers on Wednesday. From this it appears that the most striking features in the situation are the utter failure of crops in many districts, the activity of private trade, and the consequent presence in the markets of large quantities of grain which can be had, by comparison with some other famines, at a low price. If these facts are viewed in combination with the unquestionable existence of very great distress over a very large area, and affecting a very large, though not a very dense, population, the special characteristics of the famine are soon seen. It is essentially a scarcity, not of food, but of the means of buying food. In Bengal the famine seized upon a district in which, when the indigenous food supply had failed, it became exceedingly difficult to replace it. Private trade can do many things, but it cannot extemporize roads or railways. The attention of the Government was consequently directed in the first instance to the improvement and provision of means of communication. So far as the ordinary machinery for conveying grain could be used, it was pretty safe to assume that the vendors of grain would make full use of them. But it was not equally safe to take this for granted in places where the machinery of conveyance was wanting, and where the action of the Government in making roads for the carriage of food, and in providing food to be carried along the roads, was so mixed up that private traders could hardly be expected to distinguish accurately between the two. Not fifty miles from the great channels of traffic a district might be face to face with actual starvation, and, when the authorities had moved heaven and earth to open up some rough kind of communication, it was not to be expected that they should fold their hands and wait to see

if any private trader chose to take advantage of it. In Madras and Bombay there seems to be little or no fear upon this head. Almost the whole of the distressed districts are within reach of railways, and the effect of this is seen in the steady inpour of grain which has been going on since the time that prices began to rise. It is plain that the labour of the authorities is rendered very much lighter by this fact. To know that a village is starving because there is no food within reach of the inhabitants, and that the means of bringing any within their reach have yet to be constructed, is a much more serious matter than to know that a village is starving because, though there is abundance of grain, the villagers cannot pay the price asked for it. There are instant powers of relief in the latter case which there are not in the former, and there is consequently very much less need for making large preparations for relief beforehand.

If, however, the labour of the authorities is lightened in one respect by the presence of a sufficient supply of actual food, it is very much increased by this same circumstance in another respect. In proportion as the actual want of grain in a district becomes ascertained the danger of imposture becomes less. The man who pleads that he is starving because there is no food in the market tells a story which admits of being tested with tolerable ease. But the man who pleads that he is starving because, though there is food in the market, he has not the money wherewith to buy it, is a more difficult person to deal with. In the former case the petitioner may have a little hoard of food which he has not disclosed; but under the action of a strict labour test this will be likely soon to disappear. He has too many eyes on him to be able to sell it until the famine is over and prices have gone down to their ordinary level; and the only other use to which he can put it is to improve his fare somewhat while it lasts. In the latter case we have to do, not with hoards of food, but with hoards of coin, which are much more easily concealed, and become more instead of less valuable the longer they are kept. To spend his savings now, a frugal man may argue, when so much money has to be paid for so little grain, and when the Government is willing to pay wages to every one engaged on the relief works, would be positive extravagance. The real economy is to put them altogether out of consideration, to behave for the time as though he and his family were absolutely penniless, and to take the wages which the Government provides for such cases. English people have some difficulty in conceiving conduct of this kind persevered in for any length of time, because saving money at great sacrifice is not a characteristic of the English poor. But it is a state of things which would surprise no one if it were told of the French peasantry. In a country where the proprietors of vineyards will carry home two thousand pounds sterling from the annual market and yet only taste meat three times a year, it would seem natural enough, if there were a total failure of the crops, to hear that a well-to-do peasant had presented himself as a claimant for Government help, rather than make a needless inroad upon his savings. Something of the same temper is to be seen in the English middle class when respectable women, who could perfectly afford to pay a doctor, will tell all manner of lies to get an out-patient's letter, and undergo all the annoyances of a hospital waiting-room in order to save the cost of advice and medicine. Just in the same way, among the peasant proprietors of the Deccan, there are thousands and hundreds of thousands probably who would think nothing of walking a hundred miles to a relief work in order to live through this time of scarcity at the expense of the Government rather than at their own. It is plain that, admirable as the virtue of frugality is, it is not one to be encouraged by the process of feeding the man who has saved money; and this consideration makes it necessary to use even more precaution in administering relief in Bombay and Madras than in doing the same thing in Bengal. The famine in the Deccan has some points of resemblance to the Lancashire cotton famine. It is caused as much by the failure of labour as by the failure of the crops upon which that labour is ordinarily bestowed. The Bengal famine was more akin to the Irish potato famine, in which there was to some extent an absolute scarcity of food to eat.

The telegram in Monday's *Times* speaks of a general rule laid down in the instructions from the Government of India to Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, that every province ought, so far as it may be practicable, to meet the cost of its own

famines. This is either a statement so general and abstract as to be almost a truism, or merely an indication of the direction which future changes in the financial machinery of India may be expected to take. At present, though it may be quite true that every province ought to meet the cost of its own famines, it is equally true that no province can do so. The 6,500,000*l.*, or whatever other sum may be needed in Bombay and Madras, will have to be found, to a very great extent, by the Government of India. What the instructions probably do foreshadow is some further decentralization of Indian finance, by which the pleasure of spending the money needed for famine relief and the pain of raising it may be experienced by the same persons. At present Madras and Bombay are enjoying the advantage of an Indian Poor-rate, just as Behar enjoyed it three years ago. The whole history of poor relief would have to be rewritten if this could be shown to be either an economical or an improving procedure. The existing famine will have to be dealt with on this principle, but it will probably be the last to which it will be applied in its integrity.

CHILI.

THAT Chili alone among South American Republics exhibits a picture of well-ordered prosperity; that it has an external debt of comparatively small amount, on which it pays what is due with scrupulous punctuality; and that it sends much copper and much wheat every year to England, are facts tolerably well known to the English public. But Mr. RUMBOLD has done a real service in explaining, as the English representative in Chili, how it happens that Chili holds this exceptional position. His essay on Chili is one of the best written and most carefully considered documents to be found in the very unequal series published by the Foreign Office. Mr. RUMBOLD has not only collected as many facts about Chili as were worth collecting, but he has studied and collated the facts he had to deal with; and, while rendering ample justice to the Chilians, is by no means blind to their faults, or to the risks they are running. The secrets of Chilian prosperity may be soon stated. The country is singularly favoured by nature; it is under the rule of an enlightened aristocracy; and it has freely welcomed and used the co-operation of foreigners, and especially of Englishmen. In configuration, Chili is a long and narrow valley, shut in between the Andes and the sea, with a coast-line of two thousand miles, and an interval between the mountains and the sea which at no point much exceeds a hundred and twenty miles. The northern division of the country is the great district of mines, and, above all, of copper mines; the centre is the home of agriculture; while the southern, much the largest, but at present much the least valuable, of the three, has the advantage of possessing coal, and offers boundless ranges for cattle-breeding, so far as civilized man can protect himself against the hordes of wild and unconquered Indians. While, therefore, there is everything in Chili to make its possessors rich, it finds ready means of carriage in the proximity of the inland districts to the sea, and every part of the Republic is easily accessible. To no cause is its happy immunity from revolutions more clearly due. Insurgents cannot, as in Central America, retire into remote provinces where the troops of the Government can with difficulty follow them, and where the national genius for wasting the resources of the country in aimless contests finds a free field for development. The highway of the sea is at the command of the Government, and a few trained and faithful troops could put down any disturbance before it had time to gather head. And whatever Chili has it has very good of its kind. The mining districts are not only rich in copper, but in almost every other kind of mineral, except that fortunately no gold-fields have been discovered large enough to distract and demoralize the population. The dry climate and light soil of the centre enable it to grow wheat of a quality which commands an entrance into the English market in spite of the great distance over which the grain has to be conveyed; and in the South the moisture, increasing as the South Pole is approached, makes pastures always green and timber always abundant.

But long experience has shown that a South American Republic is not rich and prosperous merely because it has vast resources placed at its disposal by nature. The prosperity of Chili is mainly due to the Chilians themselves. There are not very many of them, the whole population only slightly exceeding a couple of millions, and of

these two millions the bulk are humble labouring people, in a position not far removed from that of serfs, and who, though they believe themselves to be genuine Spaniards, are, as Mr. RUMBOLD thinks, for the most part of mixed blood. The land, the mines, the commerce, the cities, and the government are in the hands of a small upper class of pure Spanish origin, and possessed of capabilities of governing which Spaniards in other parts of the world seem to have lost, if they ever had them. A quarter of a century ago the vital question was settled whether Chili, like Spain and most of the old Spanish dependencies, was to be the prey of military adventurers. The most influential of Chilians threw his weight at the critical moment into the cause of law and peace, and the nascent ambition of a looting general was summarily suppressed. Thenceforth it became an axiom of Chilian politics that the army should not be used as an instrument of disturbance. There is a small army which is mostly used at a distance in keeping the Indian tribes in order. Its officers are not petted or favoured, have no influence, and lead a life which is without attractions for the descendants of the ruling families. The aristocracy of Chili is not a military aristocracy. It resembles rather the aristocracies of the old Italian republics. It is a trading, farming, mining aristocracy, and is only an aristocracy because it exists through natural causes, and not through the safeguards of an exclusive jealousy. It does its best to thrive, and if it has some of the faults which beset its class, is too fond of extravagance and show, and often too much neglects the country for the town, it has strenuously set itself to do its best for the community. It has made railroads, established posts and telegraphs, subsidized steamers, cultivated the soil, and above all paid its debts. Considerable efforts have been made to spread education, schools being established and paid for by many of the landed proprietors; and if there has been no rupture with the Church, much firmness has been shown in abating its pretensions. Foreigners, too, most of whom are English or Germans, have been cordially received, and the Chilians have not been above learning from strangers many of the secrets of wealth. Foreigners have made their railroads and their telegraphs; foreigners stimulate and aid their agriculture with machinery; foreigners conduct most of their commerce, and man most of their marine. A foreigner, whose name deserves to be held in peculiar honour, has taught them to brew and to enjoy a light and wholesome beer. But, on the other hand, if foreigners influence the Chilians, they in turn influence foreigners; and Mr. RUMBOLD records that when foreigners, as often happens, marry Chilians, their offspring are even more Chilian than the Chilians themselves; and the son of an Englishman inveighs against England in order to show what a remarkably Chilian sort of person he is.

This is the bright side of the picture; but no picture of earthly things can have only a bright side, and Mr. RUMBOLD, without fear of giving offence, points out freely that there is a dark side in the picture of Chili. The land system leaves much to be desired. For the most part the soil belongs to very great owners who themselves cultivate only a small portion of their vast properties. The remainder they let on leases to persons of their own class, and as a foolish law, a legacy of Spanish rule, imposes a heavy tax on leases of more than ten years, the term for which the tenant holds is too short for him to waste much capital in improvement. The cultivation is carried on in general by peasants, who receive a rude shelter which does not deserve to be called a house, and a plot of land for their support, and have to work on the land of the proprietor in return for the bare means of subsistence. They are freemen, and can go away when they please, and are themselves liable to be evicted at any moment by the representative of the landlord; but, precarious as is their condition, and hard as is their life, they can seldom afford to snap the ties that bind them to the soil. Naturally they are as backward in all the arts of civilized life as men who are called civilized can well be, and as yet education seems to have failed to do them good, as those to whom it has been offered have just learnt enough to become idle and dissatisfied. So narrow, too, is the strip of land in Chili that nature seems to have set bounds to what it can do as an agricultural country. The area within which corn can be cultivated is limited; and where it has been sought to extend it by cutting down the trees on the lower slopes of the Andes, the climate has been altered for the worse, water has become scarce, and sand has begun to encroach on the region of cultivation. The

wanton destruction of timber has also imposed a serious check on mining operations, which have frequently to be suspended from want of fuel. Efforts have been made to replace corn with vines on soil that has become too poor for grain; but Mr. RUMBOLD frankly owns that he thinks Chilian wine very poor stuff; and it is only a dream of the future that Chili may some day produce a drinkable wine. Lastly, the Chilians, like almost all people in all countries, have lately been going too fast. If their wine is not calculated to intoxicate them, their prosperity may do so; and while a senseless extravagance has invaded the capital, the nation has been committed to undertakings somewhat in advance of what it could pay for with ease. Adversity, however, has taught its usual lesson to those who are willing to profit by it; and Mr. RUMBOLD remarks that the Chilians have been wise enough to draw in before it was too late. The slight financial embarrassment to which they were exposed has been surmounted, and there is no reason to doubt that prudence will soon take its due place in the long list of Chilian virtues.

THE JUNIOR CLERGY AND THE TRADE-UNIONS.

A CURIOUS scheme has just been projected by, as we are told, "some of the junior clergy" of the East of London, for the purpose of uniting the forces of the Church and of the Trade-Unionists in a movement for the establishment of a new system of political economy. The clergy are of course very anxious to include the Trade-Unionists in their congregations, while the great object of the Unionists is to obtain higher wages and shorter hours of work; and it seems to be thought that, by sympathetic co-operation between the two classes, the ends of both might be attained. What chance there is of this result it is difficult to say, but at the outset the prospect is certainly not very promising. There is perhaps some significance in the fact that the movement is at present limited to "the junior clergy," and that the older ones apparently prefer sending apologies for non-attendance at the meetings. There was, it seems, a preliminary meeting last December; but "it was generally felt that it did, and could do, little more than break ground, and (it is hoped) inspire mutual confidence." It was therefore resolved to have another meeting on Tuesday last, when, in the phrase of the circular of invitation, "it will be easy to resolve that further conference is desirable." Nothing could certainly be more simple or easy than to pass a resolution of such a very innocent nature, and it seems to have been adopted. Here again, however, there is reason to fear that it does little more than break ground, if indeed it does even that. Whether mutual confidence has been inspired by these conferences is another question. The simple-minded way in which the project is taken up by its clerical supporters is shown in a passage from the circular, in which it is stated that "some, but only some, of the representatives of 'labour with whom we have taken counsel are ready to go into the larger question of the relation of the working classes to religion, and the Church in particular'; and that it is thought best to leave it over in the meantime. It is added:—"We have also received letters from employers and others (including both anti-Unionist and non-Unionist workmen) more or less opposed to the principles and practice of the Unions, suggesting that they should be heard. But, much as we desire to be informed on all points of the controversy, and much as we should value another opportunity of receiving information from these sources, we have felt that we had no choice but to adhere to the principle of the first conference. We asked, and we ask again, the pledged exponents of Trade-Unionism to meet some of the clergy, and to explain themselves with the utmost freedom for our benefit, assuring them of a patient and friendly hearing." It is difficult to conceive what useful result the "junior clergy" anticipate from this method of inquiry. The "pledged exponents" of Unionism are, we suppose, the agitators who, in one way and another, get their living as officials or spouters on behalf of this organization; and they have often been heard before. An exhaustive investigation of the whole subject in all its aspects was made a few years ago by a Royal Commission of a very competent and authoritative character; and any one who wants to learn all about the principles and practices of Trade-Unions, and what they lead to, will find it in the Report of that body.

No explanation has as yet been given of the precise manner in which the clergy and the Trade-Unions are to co-operate in solving this old problem of how to make the best of both worlds; but it may be imagined that the new laws in regard to trade and labour which are to be promulgated will be enforced by sermons on the one hand, and strikes and picketing on the other. No doubt sermons in this style might be very popular among the classes whose views as to the distribution of capital would be advocated; but it may be doubted whether they would do much good to the Church at large. It is admitted that only some of the Trade-Unionists are willing to go into the religious part of the subject; and even those who do will be apt to be disappointed if they do not get the promised *quid pro quo* in the shape of improved material circumstances. On the whole, religion had better stand on its own ground of spiritual improvement, and keep clear of mere worldly baits. It may be true, as Mr. OAKLEY, the leader of this movement, says, that the Trade-Unions are now "weighty social forces, which it is impossible to ignore"; but it does not follow that religion would be likely to gain by an alliance with them; and it would certainly be well to ascertain, first of all, what are the motives and objects of the forces in question. The days are gone by when working-class combinations were denounced as a form of sedition. There is now no dispute that, short of breaches of public order, working-men have the same right to co-operate with each other in pushing their own interests as other classes. But the question is whether they are taking the proper course in this respect, and acting for either their own or the general advantage; and this is the whole issue in the matter. Most of the pleaders on behalf of the Unions at the conference on Tuesday seem to have been on the whole moderate enough, and tried to make their favourite system look as pretty and innocent as they could. But Mr. ARCH, the agricultural agitator, somewhat forgot himself, and, in denouncing the Game-laws as making honest men criminals, he is reported to have said that, "rather than see his wife and children go to bed supperless, he would himself at any time take the first old hare he could get hold of." This seems to have been received with loud cheers, and of course the principle involved applies equally to every kind of food and property. It is to be feared that bank coffers and gold watches have also a tendency to make men criminals; but it has not yet been proposed that the criminal law should be abolished on that account. This, however, is substantially the principle on which Trade-Unionism is based—that when any set of men have made up their own minds that they are entitled to possess certain things, they have a right to help themselves by any form of exaction or violence. This was at the root of the Sheffield outrages, which are still continued there, though in a modified form from fear of the law; and the doctrine is also embodied in other Trade-Union practices, such as picketing. As it happens, there has just been another meeting in London on this question, which also throws light on Trade-Unionist tendencies. Professor LEVI gave a lecture to members of working-men's Clubs on the use of capital in industry, and afterwards there was a general discussion. Several speakers insisted that the wealth of England was the result of labour, and not of capital; and one, who mentioned that he had read MUEL, but did not agree with him, asked the lecturer to state what capital itself could produce irrespectively of labour. It might more reasonably be asked how labour would get on unless there was somebody to pay for its services. Towards the end of the meeting, however, an orator in the body of the hall summed up the whole case. He had never, he said, been able to swallow the teachings of political economy, and believed that the solution of the problem was to be found only in the communistic principle, at which there were loud cheers and some laughter.

It is probable that, if "the junior clergy" take the trouble to investigate this subject a little more deeply, and especially on both sides, they will see good reason to abandon their ingenious scheme for conciliating the working-classes. Very recently an instructive presentation of what may be said for and against Trade-Unionism was given in two speeches made, one by Mr. JOHN MORLEY, and the other by Mr. RATHBONE, M.P. Mr. MORLEY, who is a philosopher, argues that there is all the difference between the selfishness of a capitalist and the so-called selfishness of a great Trade Society, because the one means an increase of self-indulgent luxury for one man or a single family, while the other means increase of decency,

increase of comfort, increase of self-respect, more ease for the aged, more schooling for the young, not of one, but of a thousand or ten thousand families. The answer to this is that Mr. MORLEY looks at the two sides of the question through different coloured glasses; and shuts out of account, on the one hand, the public good which may be and is often done by capitalists, and on the other the waste and riot in which wages are spent by a large class of working-men. Apart from this, however, there can be no doubt that the essential aim of Trade-Unionism is the selfish one of obtaining for the members better wages and less work by means of artificial restrictions on productive labour; and of this there has been a striking instance on the part of the miners, who no doubt profited personally for a time by forcing up the price of coal, but have since suffered for it. Mr. RATHBONE, looking at the question from another point of view, that of a common-sense, practical man, with great experience, and who does not object to combination among working-men, shows how little good they do themselves by trusting to mechanical arrangements for sending up wages above their natural level, instead of bettering their position by personal effort, temperance, and thrift. He directs attention to the extravagant amount spent by working-men in liquor; and points out that a considerable portion of the wages of labour in this country has come in recent years, not out of fair income, but out of the capital which yields income; and that this cannot continue without producing a serious crisis in which the working-classes will be the most severe sufferers. For this sound and timely advice Mr. RATHBONE has been called to account by the Trade-Unionists of Liverpool, who have passed a resolution declaring his statements untrue and a slander on working-men, and demanding a retraction. But what has been said is nevertheless true, and it is on this aspect of the question that the labouring population most require education. It is unfortunate, therefore, that they are left so much to the teaching of agitators who know nothing of even the first elements of economical science, and of visionary philosophers who do not understand, and consequently make no allowance for, human nature.

THE GREAT JOB.

IT is well known that for some years past the Royal Horticultural Society has, so far as the Gardens at South Kensington are concerned, been in a hopelessly insolvent and incapable condition, having been avowedly unable to pay the merely nominal rent at which the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 let twenty-two acres of land valued at half a million and upwards, or even to keep the estate in decent repair. It is also known that, though the ground was leased to the Society expressly on the condition that it should be used for the promotion of horticultural science and art, this obligation has been steadily neglected, and the Gardens have been turned into a mere lounge and refreshment-bar for the convenience of the neighbouring residents. It is difficult to imagine a more scandalous case of maladministration; and it is certainly surprising that the Royal Commissioners, men of rank and character, should have so long condoned, and even connived at, such a disgraceful abuse of the public property entrusted to their care. It is worth while to trace the various steps in the history of this unfortunate investment. The South Kensington estate was, as everybody is aware, purchased with the surplus derived from the Great Exhibition of 1851; a part of it has been sold for building purposes, and part handed over to the Horticultural Society, with a slice to the kindred institution called the Albert Hall. The Horticultural Society soon got into difficulties, and could not meet its liabilities. A series of International Exhibitions, which in reality were only a medium for advertising shopkeepers, was then started, in order to repair the disordered finances of the Royal Commissioners, and the device had the natural result of only making things worse and wasting valuable resources. It is stated in a circular issued in November 1875, and signed by Lord ABERDARE, that the Commissioners had agreed to allow the Society to hold the land "virtually rent free," on condition that the annual income from subscriptions should be made up to 10,000*l.*, the actual receipts being then less than 7,000*l.*, which, as Lord ABERDARE remarked, was "quite inadequate to maintain the Gardens efficiently,

"with regard either to their usefulness or attractiveness." In the same document it is acknowledged that the main, or, in fact, only, purpose which the place then served was to furnish accommodation for residents in the district, who "enjoyed for themselves and their families most of the "advantages of the Gardens, without paying for them," owing to the practice of transferring tickets; and a hope was expressed that this class, to whom the Gardens had practically been given up, would henceforth contribute more liberally.

Thus we have a distinct admission of the abject condition into which the Gardens had fallen, and the virtual repudiation of the obligation to promote scientific horticulture on the part of the managers. In point of fact, the public money was being applied as a sort of bonus to a building speculation, the value of the houses being enhanced by the enclosure thrown open to them on nominal terms; and this has been the state of affairs down to the present moment. Last autumn the Council found themselves in so desperate a position that they proposed "a separation "of the interests between HER MAJESTY'S Commissioners "and the Society upon equitable terms with the debenture-holders and life-fellows"; and the Commissioners consented to this on "the footing of a payment to the "Society for the debenture-holders of the present value, "calculated at 3½ per cent. of the sum which may become "payable by the Commissioners to the Society in 1892— "namely, half the debenture debt—with power for the "Special Inquiry Committee to make an arrangement as "to the goods of the Society should they see fit." In order to appreciate the nature of this offer, it should be borne in mind that the Horticultural Society was at this time deeply indebted to the Commissioners, and that the latter had been deprived of the interest of their money, while their land continued to be occupied on false pretences. It cannot be said that the behaviour of the Horticultural Society entitled it to any commiseration; but it was perhaps natural that the Commissioners should be glad, even at a heavy pecuniary sacrifice, to get rid of so ruinous and disreputable a *protégé*. At first the Council of the Society seem to have thought that they would, on the whole, do well to surrender their hold on South Kensington and retire to the calm seclusion of Chiswick, wherethey might forget their griefs among the grass-grown walks, the duck-weed ponds, and weeping willows. The Council, however, discovered that the projected separation could only take place with the concurrence of the debenture-holders; and that the debenture-holders would not consent to accept the terms suggested, but insisted on "a payment of the debt "in full, by reasonable instalments, with interest in the "meantime." And accordingly we gather from a circular issued at the end of December that, "in these circumstances, "no course appears open to the Council but to"—and here the conclusion arrived at is certainly a very extraordinary one, though highly characteristic of the Council's cool disregard of legal obligations and public rights. The only course which the members of the Council see open to them is this—"to continue their tenancy of the South "Kensington Gardens"; or, in other words, to persevere in misappropriating, for the benefit of the private interests of the Society and of the landlords of the neighbourhood, a valuable property which was assigned to certain public objects, and which they or their predecessors have during the period of their tenancy wasted in the most shameful and unblushing manner. Everybody knows what a byword the Society has become for reckless incompetency and mismanagement, with its tangled and unkempt gardens, its mockery of honest horticulture, its croquet grounds, and drinking-bars. At one time it was nearly settled—alas for the memory of the PRINCE CONSORT!—that the place should be turned into a skating-rink; and, though this final degradation has as yet been averted, it is not at all unlikely that the Council, under the present desperate circumstances, may take to rinking, and perhaps fireworks and coloured lamps, in competition with Cremorne. The justification offered by this body for the continued abuse of a privilege held on conditions which the Society has never made any genuine attempt to fulfil, and which, as is confessed, it is at the present moment absolutely incapable of fulfilling, is expressed in the following ingenuous passage:—"In the absence of subscriptions sufficient to maintain these Gardens in proper repair, they "would gladly have surrendered them, if they had been "in a position to do so, and have devoted themselves to "the promotion of the objects of the Society in its strictly

"scientific character. But, this separation being for the "present impracticable, it will be the duty of the Council "to apply such funds as they may receive in accordance "with their charter." The greater part of these funds will of course be derived from the misappropriation of public property destined, as the PRINCE CONSORT'S memorandum on the subject clearly proves, for very different uses; and consequently this course must be in violation of, and not in accordance with, the charter. The PRINCE laid it down, in express terms, that the use of the surplus of the 1851 Exhibition, "for the purpose of establishing a "Winter Garden, or a Museum of Antiquities, or a public "promenade, ride, lounging-place, &c., has, in my opinion, "no connexion whatever with the objects of the Exhibition"; and he added that "moral engagements bound "the Commissioners not to divert any part of the surplus "towards providing the London, or even the British, "public with a place of recreation."

At the end of last week another communication on behalf of this Society was published in the *Times*, with the signature of the Secretary, in which it is asserted that the Fellows are exempt from any personal liability beyond that of paying their subscriptions while they continue Fellows; that its debentures are a charge on its surplus income after payment of its expenses only; that they do not attach upon any of its property, and do not constitute a debt; and that of debts for which its property is liable it has none. It will be observed that the Secretary's account of the legal obligations of the Society differs materially from that given by the Council in the circular quoted above, inasmuch as the latter recognize their obligation to the debenture-holders, and would have accepted compensation on their behalf for the Commissioners if the debenture-holders would have consented to it. On the other hand, if the Secretary is right, there is nothing to prevent the Society from retiring from South Kensington and confining itself to its proper work at Chiswick. What has been decided, however, would appear to be, as the Secretary puts it, and very plainly, that "the Council have determined to continue the South Kensington Gardens on their former"—or rather present—"footing, and to make them as attractive "to the residents in their neighbourhood and London "generally as the means and nature of the Society will "permit"; and that, in accordance with this principle, "the Gardens are being put in order, and the bands and "promenades will be resumed on an early date." That is to say, the Horticultural Society will continue to divert this public property from its assigned and legal objects in order to help a land-jobbing speculation and keep up rents. Under such circumstances, if the Commissioners are too weak or too much entangled to discharge their obvious duty—which is summarily to eject the defaulting debtor—the Government ought to bring the matter before Parliament. In any case, there must be a close and searching inquiry into the details of this disgraceful business, and the Royal Commissioners should be compelled to publish the accounts they have so long withheld.

SILENCE.

THE word "silence" suggests a vast number of ideas, but the thing itself is, one may say, never realized till it is broken; except, indeed, by a conscious effort of the will and the deliberate lending of an attentive ear. A lull in the roar of London streets owes the impression it makes on the senses to the perpetual outrage upon silence that reigns there; and we feel it not only through the effect of contrast, but because we have not time to organize our own inroad upon it. In truth, our nature rebels against silence as it abhors a vacuum. Where silence broods for any length of time, where the air is still and no wave of sound stirs it, there the mind brings its whole machinery to bear to fill the void. And this it is that makes stillness acceptable even where the brain is not painfully sensitive to noise. When

No sound is made,
Not even of a gnat that sings,

we can hear our inner self talk. All thought is, in a sense, an audible process of some kind. To think, to muse, to speculate, to argue, all needs speech. Thought is articulate. Nor does it speak necessarily in monologue. The mind is apt to think in dialogue, to invent an interlocutor, to convey its thought in the way of information to some imaginary listener; even turning its periods for the purpose of explaining its meaning to the questioning, unreceptive intellect. Or the mind states its view of a case before an undefined, shifting audience, which may be regarded as representing humanity in the abstract. Argument, opinion, feelings, wrongs, self-accusation, self-defence, anger, remorse, pity, and narrative simple, are all brought into articulate form before

this imaginary versatile recipient, which disputes, rejects, retaliates, approves, flatters, accuses, or condemns. However fitful, wandering, or futile thought or reverie may be, the senses are engaged in it; they hear and they see; silence is never more than a momentary condition. And in its relation with these imaginary interlocutors or listeners the mind is its own master. It says what it wants to say, and knows how to say it. It is the only opportunity that life offers for a thorough explanation and self-justification. The silent thinker states fully and replies categorically; he removes prejudice; he persuades; he convinces. The voice of thought is eloquent, for the listeners of imagination are open to conviction. The ear of fancy is busy weighing and criticizing, pleased with what is harmonious, resentful of what is harsh; when suddenly there interposes a sound from without, unfamiliar, obtrusive, breaking in on this busy simulation of speech and intercourse, and he wakes to the fact that silence has been around and about him, but not in him; he realizes it by the disturbance which destroys it. Nature is never monotonous. In the stillest scene of the quietest life she is always devising small surprises; her forces are ever at work. Now she explodes a coal, now cracks a piece of furniture, now twangs imprisoned catgut, now sends a family of mice helter-skelter round the wainscot, now wakes the dogs to furious watchfulness, now frets the cows with uneasy dreams, now reminds the owls, roused by the distant whistle, of their old quarrel with society. The scale of surprises may be small, but the unexpected is always happening to startle the stillness and break up "the session of sweet, silent thought"—sweet or bitter as the case may be.

We have heard of "the Silences" as independent existences, which we are left to assume are numerically strong enough to keep the peace unbroken; but the poets never speak of silence in the singular but as the correlative of sound, and only as such coming within our cognizance and conception. Silence is the vehicle of sound, in which relation it is personified; as in *Comus*, where Darkness, a sort of cousin-german to Silence, is vaguely embodied also. The lady's tones, which are called "raptures," have a living action:—

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night;
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smiled.

And silence is the only medium of sweet sounds; as in Shakspeare's protest against non-attention to music. "Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day," says Portia, and she is answered:—

Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended.

But silence is only such to our gross ears; for, while Lorenzo feels with exquisite sensibility the "soft stillness" of the night, he yet turns it into music, if we could but hear it:—

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quivering to the young-ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls.

And, simply to realize silence, Milton connects the idea with the rude breaking of it:—

Some far-off halloo breaks the silent air.

In the scene of spirit-raising in *Henry VI.*, which we almost wonder not to have seen referred to in connexion with a recent trial, Shakspeare makes the conjurer Bolingbroke dwell on the necessity of silence for his purposes:—

Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when scritch-owls cry, and ban dogs howl,
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Coleridge, in his *Ancient Mariner*, happily contrasts the intensity of silence as a power with its contrary, making one enhance the other:—

This scarp-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.
But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

And, together with the pilot and his boy—

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good;
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.

Even where silence is left to itself, still a certain companionship with sound is maintained, as in Hood's "Autumn":—

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless, like silence listening
To silence; for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn.

Wordsworth has a sonnet in favour of silence rather than gossip:—

Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long barren silence, square with my desires;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint under-ong.

But we find here that the silence he enjoys is not the external silence which is indeed broken by monotonous sound, but an inner

silence of the spirit. Active thought with him was naturally an open-air process; as his servant told visitors, "Master keeps his books here, but he studies out of doors." Therefore, soothed by gentle sound, his mind reposed in "barren silence," which left him no remembrances. After some extraordinary bustle of uncongenial occupation, we all know the repose of this apathy of silence unconscious of sound.

Thus far we have treated silence as a power or influence outside of us, which we court or avoid, rest upon or weary of. But it may also be considered as a possession to keep or to break. This is, indeed, the more common use of the word, and by some it is supposed to be synonymous with discretion. The man who can be silent possesses a refuge, a shield, or a weapon of offence, as his need requires. The power of being quiet, George Eliot has well said, "carries a man well through embarrassment." To be able to keep silence where others cannot is to be master of the situation. It is to weather difficulties and keep clear of scrapes, to live, as it were, on a watch-tower. In the affected language of a proverb latterly much in vogue, such silence is golden; higher discretion knows when to speak as well as when to be silent, but silence is often the best discretion people are capable of. They do very well to follow Prior's rule before strangers:—

It always has been thought discreet
To know the company you meet;
And sure there must be secret danger
In talking much before a stranger.

Now a life habitually spent in silence is no preparation for silence of this sort. Solitude is apt to unninge reserve. No man is quite the same under a long spell of silence that he is in natural intercourse with others. The unspoken talk in which he has allowed himself to make so many revelations to an imaginary hearer will have induced a habit through which he exhales in unwise confidences to living ears as soon as he has the chance; or, if he escapes this temptation, he may have yielded to the calm blandishments of a self-esteem swollen by long practice in having the best of it. We shall generally find people who are ostentatiously contented with silence, and who can bear the strain of solitude, extremely well satisfied with themselves, and persuaded that they are exemplary. People who talk so perhaps betray effort; for really silence is not congenial to man, except as alternating with sound. Southey in his early days wrote to his friends a good deal about his taste for silence:—"I was, as always, in the company of strangers, thoughtful, reserved, and almost silent. God never intended that I should *make myself agreeable to anybody*." "I want my books, and nothing else." "I have been told I never thanked anybody for a civility, and there are very few in this world who can understand silence." He speaks, too, of "the temper which makes me prefer silence to contradiction." This sort of silence is in most people the very reverse of companionable. It is a great thing to be silent in company and not offensive, as silent contradiction mostly is. There are people to whom silence seems so natural that we never think of resenting it. They can be silent, and yet look at ease, attentive, appreciative, showing by posture and countenance that they are one of the party. On the other hand, there is a sort of silence that oppresses, that creates an atmosphere, that makes us avert the eye, and, if possible, the thoughts, from the presence of it—a protesting silence, a breathing silence, thinking in opposition. When Southey, later in life, complained of cards as silencing the merry voices, he was in a more sociable mood than in his youth.

Certain periods of silence are essential to the intellect, and it is good to have them even in company, when familiarity allows it. In Sydney Smith's family circle there were long periods of silence—"each," as a visitor describes, "with an arm-chair, lamp, and book." But such silence, long imposed, becomes a burden, and weighs down all natural buoyancy. Talk was the rule at Abbotsford. Scott seems always to have talked when he could. Yet he liked to think himself independent of speech, and, in talking of a neighbour (Torwoodlee) who was fit to hang himself after five days' seclusion, was sure that he would know how to amuse himself in the Bastille. It implies a certain amount of cultivation to be able to carry on any train of thought in solitude. In a mind perfectly untrained, as in the more ignorant rustic class, we cannot suppose the inner voice to be a very audible one. Again, to people who have lived a life of rude clamour, who have had no experience of silence, enforced silence is often unendurable. "The single want of noise" stirs them into mutiny. Thus women of the criminal class often break out into fits of tumultuous noise in their solitary cells from experiencing a sense of agony in silence which may suggest to them—what is indeed one of its main terrors—the silence of the grave.

Next to clamouring for noise there is, however, the clamour for silence, familiar to all ears in some way or other. The dictatorial domestic calls for it, stilling the din of childish voices; it is loudly proclaimed on solemn occasions; and most people have heard that bawling for it which has drawn down the memorable reproof:—

He who, in quest of silence, silence hoots
Is apt to cause the hubbub he imputes.

The love of silence can only be acquired through its opposite. We must have had noise enough before a mere void can be welcome. The brain likes quiet for its workings, but the spirits are apt to rise when a clatter supersedes it. Not till the ear has had as much sound as it can well hold can it take in the sense of silence, give it meaning, and realize the solemnity of mere pause from sound, "the big bell gone still."

SCOTCH STUDENT LIFE.

THE Scotch Universities are generally supposed to be large day-schools which give a good deal of education at a cheap rate, but which offer their alumni nothing like "the three delightful years," as Mr. Matthew Arnold called them lately, of English undergraduate life. It is no wonder if this rather exaggerated notion of Northern gloom is common in England. Books, and especially novels, which deal with Scotch Universities generally lay more stress on the poverty and industry of the students than on the enjoyable and humorous side of their academical existence. It must be admitted that at first sight there is little room for corporate life, and little opportunity for the making of friendships. As a rule, the students do not come up in small groups from great schools. They do not live under the same roof; they do not dine at the same table; they need never meet except in crowded or almost empty lecture-rooms; and in some places they wear no distinctive dress, and, lacking gowns, have no noble contempt for the town. But it does not follow, as any one will admit who reads a very fresh and interesting little book lately published, *The Life of a Scotch Probationer* (Maclehose), that the Scotch student's career has not its pleasant side after all, and that the student may not make lifelong friendships. Perhaps one of the most obvious advantages is in the actual site of two at least of the Universities.

The country round Oxford and Cambridge has been made classical by the genius of poets and of lovers of nature. But it is scarcely possible to imagine ground which offers fewer attractions of its own, which has fewer striking characteristics, than the level and swampy meadows which are only partly redeemed from the commonplace by their rivers. The munificence of many generations of benefactors, and the memory of many great men and great events, have made the English University towns the unique and unrivalled places that they are. But the homes of two at least of the Scotch colleges—those of Edinburgh and St. Andrews—have far greater natural advantages. The former draws its students from all the country between Forth and Tweed; and, as a set-off to the bareness of the grim collegiate buildings, offers them all varieties of romantic scenery within easy reach. There is somewhat of the sort of education which the *religio loci* of the English Universities insensibly imparts, in the contrast between a border student's home and the bustle of a city, and the quiet, again, of the hills and the sea which girdle in the town. "Sometimes I sit here in the gloaming, looking away out over the Forth to the hills of Fife that bound our visible horizon, thinking with envy and regret of the years that have been; visited with memories of harvests that I have seen in bygone times—of the flashing sickles, the rustling corn, the late leading, when the harvest moon is in the lift shining over all—and even of the misty mornings when the rime is on the grass, and the fine cobweb network tapestries all the hedges." In this extract from a letter of the "Scotch Probationer" already referred to one reads the sentiment of a studious life, passed in places where nature has more varied charms than in the damp Oxfordshire air. Even more might be said for the *religio loci* of St. Andrews, where, between the grey sea and the grey ruins, the only gleam of colour is that of the new scarlet gowns of the bachelors, or freshmen. The city has almost as many historical associations as Oxford, and offers a far more interesting country to pedestrians, whether of the sort that enjoys long "grinds" or prefers "constitutionals"; while golf is a substitute for all other sports.

The Scotch freshman is a very shy and curious being, all unlike the mirthful lads who come up from Harrow or Rugby with hosts of friends ready made, and with a social and cricketing reputation to keep up. The English University is a continuation on a larger scale of the life they know already; they have already made their mark in one way or another, as scholars, or athletes, or whatever it may be; and they fit without difficulty into the place which is ready for them. Everything, on the other hand, is strange to the Scotch freshman; even the Greek alphabet is not always familiar to him; and when a Professor asks him to breakfast he endures agonies of shyness. He comes perhaps from a parish school where he has been the one redeeming feature in the toilsome life of the Dominie. He has for years enjoyed the benefit of all the leisure of that hard-worked man, and has gladdened him by his "grip" of mathematics and his skill in Latin prose, an art which lingers in Aberdeenshire villages as the old Etruscan method of granulating gold-work survived in one nook of the Apennines. Full of a modest confidence that what Scotchmen have done Scotchmen may do, he sets himself to the study of the Hamiltonian philosophy, and grapples with Consciousness and the Concept. This sort of student you will but rarely see in the open air—never, certainly, at foot-ball or golf; but in passing through the windy streets at midnight one may descry the gleam of the candle by which he and a friend con Reid's *Active Powers*, or, greatly daring, master the laws of Greek accentuation.

There is no such thing as a fast freshman at a Scotch University; but the lumpy freshman is there, and no doubt would be fast if he had the opportunity. He has come from the plough, in obedience to the mistaken ambition of his parents, who hope to see him a placed minister. At first he is very awkward; but he is a good deal encouraged by finding that one set of lectures begins with a sort of recognized bear-fight, in which he so conducts himself as to gain the approval of other bumpkins. He finds, too, that, in a large class of some hundred and fifty men and boys, the odds are a hundred and fifty to one that he will not be asked to give his

rendering of any passage of Xenophon or Livy. Presuming on this knowledge, he exercises his talent for practical jokes, and finally, perhaps, after some culminating feat of stealing the tongue of the college bell, leaves the place without a degree, and with an exhaustive ignorance which the Southern passman may envy, but is not allowed to enjoy in peace. A third sort of freshman comes from one of the larger Scotch schools, and necessarily possesses some knowledge of the elements of Greek and Latin. Unfortunately he is generally so much diverted by the blunders of the bumpkin, and by the false quantities of the prodigy from the parish school, that he ceases to be a student, becomes an unconcerned spectator of the life around him, and is easily defeated by his rustic rival.

Very queer in many ways their life is. It is a curious spectacle, that of some two hundred men and boys, some eagerly answering questions as if they were children at school, and some possessing their souls in great fear of being blandly requested to exhibit their knowledge. In a lecture on logic you may find men full of acuteness and interest who cannot pronounce the Latin names of the fallacies, and who talk of *ignatio eelenchi* and *petio principii* with perfect confidence. This is the sort of man who is very prominent in the clubs and societies which make some attempt to keep up a corporate life. Months before the election of a Lord Rector he is forming committees and sub-committees, boring people of note with his letters, and writing semi-political tracts and lampoons. He presides over clubs which wear colours and are not wholly unlike their German prototypes. He is great in all the good old customs of the place, and at one University amazes the "bejant" by extorting from him a shilling wherewith to buy raisins and almonds. Some strange tradition, dating perhaps from the fifteenth century, has ordained that second year's men shall eat raisins, of all things, at the expense of freshmen, in the first months of the autumn session. Another law of these Medes and Persians has decreed that in spring a band of maskers is to ride about the town, amusing the lieges, in special honour of one Kate Kennedy. Antiquaries are not agreed as to who Miss Kennedy may have been, or what she did to deserve this commemoration, and it may be guessed that the business is a survival of the carnival. Perhaps any harmless piece of fun of this kind rather deserves support than otherwise in colleges where traditions have faded very rapidly, and where gaudy days of any sort are few and far between.

There are always in a Scotch University a number of characters whose business there is anything but obvious, and whose whole manner of life is a mystery. One student is reported to have revealed the secret of his pallor and of his sleepy demeanour by appearing one morning in a policeman's hat. He was a constable on night duty, and his perseverance in his studies was at least as creditable as that of the Stoic philosopher who turned a mill all night to gain money to pay for the lectures he attended in the day. Unfortunately it can hardly be said that students of this class get much good by their well-meant efforts. It is impossible for the professor to ask them any question, because they promptly betray a depth of inconceivable ignorance which is not lightly to be stirred a second time. Their own idea, apparently, is that they gain something by living in the atmosphere of books, and the low scale of fees enables hopeless incapacity to enjoy this satisfaction. At most, they pick up as much scholarship as was displayed by one of their number along with a certain calmness peculiar to the race. Two students of this class were in one lecture, and it was seriously believed that they knew no more Latin than the "adsum" with which they delighted to answer to their names in the roll-call. A day came when one of them was absent, and, to the surprise of all, his companion answered to his name with the word "egrotat." On the fourth day he showed still more profound scholarship and stoicism by replying "mortuus est."

The weak point of the Scotch Universities is the lack of endowments, which makes it almost necessary, if a professor is to live at all, and not perish by starvation, that he should have crowded lectures. Now, as there are but few schools where the higher education flourishes, it is impossible to have a stern examination before the admission of students. If only those who had a fair knowledge of classics and mathematics were admitted, the lecture-rooms would be thinned, and the fees reduced to next to nothing. As things stand at present, the lecture attendances are large, and but a small proportion of the men have anything approaching to accurate knowledge. Time would be hopelessly wasted in the attempt to give most of them any serious acquaintance with any difficult subject. At the same time there is enough interest in the things of the mind to encourage professors to give lectures which are far more of the nature of literature than the disjointed and bald remarks which are often called lectures in Oxford. If a man has not time or energy enough to follow minute study patiently, he will certainly learn more from a Scotch professor than in an English college lecture-room. To students who had the pleasure and advantage of attending, for example, the lectures of the late Professor Ferrier there would be something very depressing in the severe English attention to crabbed passages in Aristotle's *Ethics*, and to pitfalls in the *Republic*. The whole education of a Scottish University is more popular, more rhetorical, and perhaps, so far, more pleasant and exhilarating. It is found to be impossible to make the majority of the men accomplished scholars, or even to induce them all to take the pass degree. The examination for that degree is much harder than that which ends the troubles of the English passman, but the work required is not much more interesting than what is demanded of him. Again, there is but little material profit in taking honours in a Scotch

University; and so, when pass-work is difficult and dry, and honours-work has few attractions, not a very great proportion of students take any degree at all. The result is a certain aimlessness and desultory study of the sort which is often practised by clever men, but seldom by sound scholars. There is time for dawdling among the pleasant places of literature: there is no particular need to hurry; there are sure to be plenty of students of this way of thinking, and thus the Scotch Universities offer a sort of life which is not all unprofitable. Rhetorical and literary talent is encouraged at the expense of the scholarship which labours at details. The Scotch Universities do not turn out pupils who can "cure the halt and maimed Iketides," but they give every class a chance of gaining intellectual interests. The growing custom of passing from the Scotch to the German Universities may supply what the Northern teaching wants, or it may turn men who would have been flowery but orthodox preachers into not less flowery but less "sound" occupants of pulpits. Certainly the new Liberalism of Northern opinion may be traced to the alliance between Scotch and German thought which has taken the place of "the Ancient League" with France.

INDEPENDENT LADIES.

TO our present state of security may be attributed many social developments hitherto unknown. Civilization reigns in rural districts as well as in some of our larger cities. The policeman, rather than the schoolmaster, has been abroad among us for a generation, and it has become possible, even in lonely places, for poor weak women to exist without special protectors. If they are so disposed they may live and love alone; or, if they like it better, they may assemble in little communities of twos and threes. Fortunately for men who are unwilling to do without female society, there is a law of feminine nature which makes it difficult for more than two or three to be gathered together without disagreement, except where religion interposes with vows and rules. Otherwise communities of women might spring up among us, and not only would man be deprived, as we are so constantly reminded, of his natural slave, but the very constitution of our country would be endangered. Independent ladies, however, have so far signally failed in founding clubs, and we can only consider these as separate and singular examples, not so much freaks of nature as of society; a strange, but by no means discordant, element in modern life, and sufficiently rare, as yet, to have assumed no very definite position. The life of the ladies of Llangollen was accounted something very much out of the common sixty or seventy years ago; but it would be very easily managed now, and without any one deeming it extraordinary. Lady Hester Stanhope has perhaps scores of imitators of whom no one ever hears. But the independent lady of the present day does not seek to be eccentric. She does not resemble the man-like woman of ten years ago, with her shirt collar, her short hair and petticoat, her long stride and loud voice. On the contrary, she is well dressed, her manners are polite, she wears the smallest and best-fitting gloves, and evidently keeps an attendant who has made a special study of back hair. Nor, again, is she to be confounded with the old maid of tradition, who lives alone because no one can live with her, and who looks upon her enforced independence as a misfortune and a grievance. The offensiveness of both these types is gone, and we have a lady of whom, no doubt, we are all rather in awe, but who is usually clever, often agreeable to meet, and always interesting to the student of history and manners.

It is often amusing to observe in a family the way in which one of the girls quietly assumes a predominant position. It sometimes happens that she has a fortune or an estate of her own; but such an accident is by no means necessary, though it certainly conduces to strength of character. When you meet one of these little potentates you do not immediately perceive any great difference between her and her sisters or anybody else. But you observe that the servants come to her for orders, that papa grumbles to her because the post is late, that mamma asks her which tea that is and why the butter is so hard. She chooses a profession for her eldest brother, and sends the younger to school a year at least before his mother is willing to let him go. You hear everything brought to her notice, from the number of chickens in the last young brood to the theological bias of the new rector. She invests the family money, gives away the family livings, decides on the length and direction of the autumn tour, and tells you, perhaps in a mildly complaining tone, that, when a thing has to be done, it saves trouble to do it oneself. A family guide and ruler like this is a wholly different person from the lady who likes best to live alone, or at least with a friend. She has little of the managing ability of the other, and would be worried by the household cares of a large family. She keeps a staff of the most efficient servants, all trained to do what is wanted without orders. She has her house in the most perfect order; not that she ever puts it in order, but that she never disorders it. Afternoon tea is served with the precision of a banquet, and is evidently an event in her day's history. She inclines to politics, has views on women's rights and the suffrage, occasionally reads a Blue-book, and recently rather lost her composure on the subject of the Turkish atrocities. She is very liberal, especially to charlatans; not that she believes in them, but "they may be honest, you know." She subscribed to defend the Claimant, though she was convinced of his deception, in order that he might at least have fair play. She

inclines to Spiritualism, and patronizes every new medium, in the hope, as she tells you, that she may see or hear something to prove its truth. On the other hand, she objects on principle to missionary boxes, does not see why the humble faith of the Hottentot should be disturbed, and wishes she could find a fetish for herself to worship. She likes to ask literary and political people of note to her house; but her male visitors cannot take their valets, and must submit to have their hats brushed by an elderly woman in a mob cap. Now and then, perhaps, there may be a whisper of scandal against independent ladies of this class. But, as a rule, their conduct, defiant as it is of the laws made for weaker sisters, is scrupulously circumspect. That some of the local magnates will not call troubles them not a whit. They have their own society, and prefer to have no narrow-minded acquaintances, however great. They object on principle to field sports, will not even ride to see the meet of the hounds, and calmly brave the odium of killing the foxes that attacked their hen roost. They are greatly exercised about pigeon matches, and especially about vivisection; and, in fact, are rather unjust to the medical profession in general, for being always in good health, they believe firmly in homœopathy tempered by the water cure, and think one half of the diseases of modern life are caused by medicine and the other half by dirt.

The town independents are a totally different class, though they fraternize—or, shall we say, sororize?—with their country representatives. They lead essentially active lives, except perhaps during a holiday, when the rest is taken as a serious duty, and performed, like the sleep of the famous Irishman, with all their might. They are chiefly young ladies who, having begun life in the lap of luxury, grudge the time that has been wasted in fashionable frivolity, and endeavour to overtake the lost hours. Their employments are very various, but they are all busy. They visit in back slums; they organize trade-unions for poor women; they get up petitions to the Queen for the abolition of the College of Surgeons; they paint, they sew, they toil and spin, they are tremendous radicals, never go to church, hold advanced religious opinions, and believe in what they familiarly term the Forklightning Review. It was one of them who discovered hansom as a mode of locomotion, ladies having previously been condemned to four-wheelers; and they are known to boast that they never offer a cabman less than his fare, nor give him more. They sometimes live in the bosom of their own family, sometimes in that of another, but usually prefer a flat or chambers where their independence is less circumscribed. They attend auctions of blue china and chippendale, and look wisely at point lace and embroidery. They affect Queen Anne in their furniture, and dress their maids in the same chintz with which they cover their chairs, in order to obtain harmony of colour. They are much given to art of all kinds, and some of them call themselves artists, rent a studio, hire models, and sneer at South Kensington. They are too busy in the daytime to be seen in the Row, but they are cherished guests at a ball, as they always dance well, make themselves agreeable, and dress becomingly. They complain, indeed, that dresses are not to be had in London, and either send for their costumes to M. Worth, or make them at home. In summer the success of a picnic is often made by the presence of one of these active people. She can brew claret-cup, take an oar in the boat, can swim if she is upset, laughs at showers, and long after everybody else is tired out she can keep up her spirits and continue her flow of good stories and profane conundrums. Unsophisticated country cousins are rather afraid of her, and ask her to stay with certain misgivings. But they forget the adaptability which makes the independent lady so popular, and are surprised to see her quiet and perhaps attentive in church, ready if necessary to play the harmonium, and quite able to lead the choir. They do not ask her to visit the poor; but she goes of her own accord, examines the children in the school, behaves with the utmost decorum at a lawn-party, and takes a hand in dummy whist, or argues on theology with the old people. She comes back to town with a feeling of having been very happy, if quiet, and entertains the city sisterhood with incredible tales of country innocence. Their life in London exposes ladies of this class to the wiles of impostors of all kinds; but they soon learn caution, and women's instinct is often sharper in such matters than men's. They are very stern as employers of labour, and seldom let a contract be broken or a job of work be scamped. They insist on the fulfilment of the terms of an agreement, and are able to attend to minute details in a way few men can imitate. They are very fond, as they openly say, of turning an honest penny, however wealthy they may be, and it was certainly a lady who broke down the old barrier between professional and amateur art and literature. They like to sell a picture or an article, and always profess to enjoy the spending of what they earn tenfold more than of what comes to them by inheritance. They are, as a rule, admirable housekeepers, kind and even sympathetic to their servants, but exacting the utmost amount of service. There are some among them who have a Ritualist turn, attend daily service, go to confession regularly, decorate their rooms in the Gothic style, fast twice in the week, and receive curates to afternoon tea. They have always a list of little vagrants for domestic service, can tell what the anthem will be at St. Andrew's next Sunday, refuse dinner parties in Lent, are very fond of dancing, and occasionally carry on very serious flirtations. Indeed all independents are rather given this way. They like to have handsome men at their entertainments, and retain a tame cousin or two for general purposes. He has to see people to the door, to provide bouquets, and be a butt when they want to abuse mankind. They sneer habitually at matrimony as another name for slavery, yet recklessly spoil and pet all the

children they know. They have, indeed, troops of admirers, and many a girl who would like very much to be married envies them the numerous proposals they receive. Sometimes they talk vaguely of the chances of happiness in married life, and occasionally go so far as to hint that they think one day of setting up a husband "just to run messages and black the boots, you know."

THE ALLYGURH COLLEGE.

IT is not surprising that the "obstinate exclusiveness" of British-Indian Mahomedans should have long ago become one of the commonplaces of Anglo-Indian discussion; or that even intelligent observers should sometimes feel tempted to accept the thing itself with the patient acquiescence due to a law of nature—against which, of course, it were useless to contend. It was, in the main, what might have been expected in the instance of a race of their temperament, and in their peculiarly altered circumstances. The enforced equality with their former subjects, which would have been unwelcome in any case, became ten times more so when those subjects were their inferiors in energy, in manliness—in a word, in what is ordinarily understood as "character." It degraded the proud Mahomedan in his own estimation to be socially ranked with the timid and docile Hindoo—to be compelled to cope with him for State favours on equal terms, or not at all. As the world knows, he chose the second alternative; and the social distance between him and the despised Hindoo on the one hand, and the partial (as he was supposed to be) Englishman on the other, increased just in proportion to his mental narrowness and intensity. The Mahomedans seemed committed to a permanent opposition to the new civilization, such as it was, in which the Hindoos were participating, much to their own advantage. Even the *Sabhas*, or socio-political associations scattered over the country by scores, and which have occasionally proved themselves useful exponents of public opinion, were Hindoo almost without an exception. That excellent body, the "Mahomedan Literary Society" of Calcutta, whose suggestions have more than once been rewarded with the thanks of the local Government, long remained the solitary expression of Mahomedan public spirit. The chief manifestation, however, of their "obstinacy" was directed against the State system of education; and no Christian missionary ever inveighed more bitterly against the "Godless colleges" than the Mahomedans. For the last three or four years, however, a change has gradually been growing apparent, and in the quarter perhaps where it might have been least expected. Some very interesting Minutes by Sir Richard Temple have disclosed the fact that the Bengal Mahomedans have quietly been advancing in the path of educational reform. Even female education is now actively patronized by the more influential and respectable members of that very conservative race. A like tendency is observable among the Punjab Mahomedans, and in their case, too, it is to be attributed to a determination no longer to stand aloof from the duties, the responsibilities, the rivalries, and the prizes of public life.

But the ceremony in which Lord Lytton took part a few days back at Allygurh is the most eloquent sign that the Mahomedans are turning over a new leaf in their social history. Of course the mere fact that the leading Mahomedans of Upper India are making a combined effort to establish a college that shall surpass every other Indian institution in completeness and efficiency does not prove that an era of social regeneration is close at hand. But as in physics, so in politics, the value of one's conclusions depends not so much on the number as on the kind of the observed facts. And the facts described in the interesting account which appeared in the *Times* of last Monday are of the very nature which most deserves the attention of political observers; while the movement described is of the very kind which the press and the Government of India are bound to encourage to their utmost. Considering the old Mahomedan contempt and dislike of European innovations, and the sectarian wrangling which the bare mention of the Allygurh scheme must have provoked, the news that Lord Lytton has laid the foundation-stone of a Mahomedan College established by voluntary effort, and on the English model—with scholarships, fellowships, professorships, lectureships, regular residence, and absence of religious tests—will, as the *Times* writer says, be heard by old Indians with feelings of amazement. The new movement is, no doubt, of a piece with that which has been already observed in Bengal and elsewhere; but it is certainly a unique example of a spontaneous Native-Indian attempt at educational progress. The Mahomedans have been slow to begin; but they are evidently determined to do their work thoroughly now that they have begun. They have already completed nearly half their task; and if energy and enthusiasm can do it, they will in process of time accomplish the other. The project of a great central College at Allygurh originated some years ago with Syud Ahmed Khan, the respected and venerable leader of the more liberal class of Mahomedans in the North-Western Provinces. His object was to provide a complete system of education in the science and literature of the West, side by side with one in Persian, Oordoo, Arabic, Sanscrit, and the other subjects included in an Oriental curriculum, together with a training in Mahomedan law and theology for those who cared for it. In spite of its Mahomedan foundation, the College was to be open to Hindoo and Christian students, who, under certain conditions of character and scholarship, might even be eligible for a share of its honours. The 100,000*l.* required to start the scheme was to be raised

by private subscription, backed by a Government grant. But considerable difficulty at first arose over the religious scruples of the Mahomedan subscribers. Except of course when his subscription was given expressly for "the Secular Department," no Sunni would allow his money to be devoted to the training of a Shiah student. No Sunni would support the Shiah mosque of the College. Shiah subscribers were equally particular. However, the difficulty was overcome; and the most precise guarantees have been given that the subscriptions shall be religiously devoted to the express purpose signified by their donors. Indeed, so scrupulously faithful are the founders that they secure a like liberty to students and their parents and guardians, even in the taking of doctor's physic:—"There will be an English doctor and a yoonani (native physician) attached to the College. . . . At the time of the admission of boys, they or their guardians will be asked as to what mode of treatment they would prefer in the event of illness; and the same will be followed when necessary. Immediate intimation will be sent to their guardians, and their directions will be fully complied with." The project was at length launched; and eighteen months ago the private subscriptions amounted to 20,000*l.*, which in six months increased to more than double the sum. Among the leading subscribers and visitors of the new College are Sir Salar Jung, the Nawab of Rampore, and the Maharajah of Puttiala. Sir William Muir is also a subscriber and visitor; and considerable donations were supplied by the local gentry. When, about the same date, Sir William Muir delivered his address in the Lower School, which had been previously opened, there were sixty pupils in attendance, and among them three of the Rampore Nawab's cousins. Four years must elapse before the students then enrolled will be eligible for admission into the College now under construction.

The projectors may indeed be congratulated, even if they only succeed in partially realizing their very remarkable and very ambitious scheme. They hope that eight years hence Allygurh may be developed into a real college after the English type, with Shiah and Sunni "Dons" skilled in all the wisdom of the ages, and thirty valuable fellowships and sixty scholarships to excite the emulation of its reading-men. Besides which, there are twenty other scholarships for students of the Lower or preparatory school. The scientific and literary curriculum is as comprehensive as that of any European University; and what is more, it has been resolved to make it more thorough than that of any of the Indian Presidency Colleges. A very striking feature of the scheme is the system of special honours and prizes for special acquirements. The thirty fellowships will be distributed as follows:—eight for language; five for mathematics; four for logic, rhetoric, and philosophy; four for history and economic science; four for natural science; and five for "Mahomedan law and jurisprudence pertaining to the religion of the Sunnis and the Shi'ahs." The Allygurh fellowships will, however, be tenable for only seven years. In its residence regulations the College will certainly have an advantage over the Presidency and other institutions, the "fast" ways of whose students are attributable to freedom from collegiate restraint. Some anticipated a difficulty in getting the students of different castes and nationalities to live under the same roof; but the programme at least has satisfactorily settled that. The Dons will no more interfere with a young man's cooking arrangements than with his religious principles. As a further instance of Allygurh liberality, the students may, if they choose, make that institution and its prizes a stepping-stone to Calcutta University honours. Measures have also been framed for the rejection of lazy students and dunces. No unqualified youth will be allowed to pass from the Lower to the Collegiate department; and holders of scholarships will be required to regain them at the end of every year. Lastly, it is intended that the future Fellows shall be the masters of the provincial schools which, it is hoped, may spring up in response to the new movement at Allygurh. The Dons will also be the men to whom their fellow-countrymen will look for an effort at rendering their common speech a fit instrument for promulgating throughout the Mahomedan population of Northern India the literary and scientific knowledge of Europe. The project is a wonderful combination of secularism and denominationalism; and it cannot be denied that its originators have, hitherto at least, very successfully contended with a religious difficulty which has sorely tried the temper of educationists in England. Quite apart from prospects of success, they deserve the highest commendation for their beneficent, courageous, and high-minded endeavour. Their attempt has had the excellent effect of demonstrating the real drift of opinion among the intelligent section of the Mahomedan population.

A MOORLAND CHURCH.

THE history and associations of the remotest village church, when we can get at them with certainty, are never without interest. We can no more, as in days that have not so long passed away, expect, as we wander through the country, to light upon treasures of art or of antiquity, unknown and unrecorded. An antiquary, for example, like the younger Stothard must have experienced delights altogether beyond the reach of his successors (at least in England), as he journeyed, laboriously enough, from town to town and from village to village, not knowing what discoveries he might make in each church that he entered; often finding the

effigies of which he was in search—stately dames or noble crusaders—hidden under pews, or packed away in the vestry; and occasionally delayed for many days, where the accommodation was more than rough, by the zeal which compelled him to make beautiful and elaborate drawings from some magnificent monument, at that time unvalued, uncared for, and out of the way, now perhaps close to some railway station, and a magnet which attracts all the tourists who pass through the district. That this was so we learn from the very interesting letters in which Stothard describes his wanderings. For us everything has changed. Every church of importance, every monument of historical value, has been duly visited and duly described by some Antiquarian Society, local or general, whose members fear no rough accommodation, since they are sure to find tables spread for them even in the midst of such wildernesses as are yet spared to us. It is true that the records of these visits are often of a Dryasdust character, and that the charms and associations of the natural scene—even the connexion of the church or its monuments with interests, historical or architectural, wider than those of the immediate locality—are frequently unnoticed, and, to all appearance, unseen. In this way it is still possible, now and then, to make a discovery; and it need hardly be said that tombs and inscriptions bearing on the history of those who have played no small part in the world are sometimes met with in the most remote and unlooked-for situations.

The little Devonshire church of Harford, nestled under the heights of Dartmoor, affords a curious illustration of what has just been said. It is within a mile or two of a railway station; yet even now the general impression of the scene is that of extreme and old-world seclusion. In those old-world days access to the place must have been always difficult, and sometimes almost impossible. A network of narrow lanes spread all over this part of the country, only ceasing at the moorland; and in deep snow, or after heavy and long-continued rains, they were, as many an old document tells us, not to be traversed with safety. There was no Macadam then. As in Kent and Sussex, the most important of these trackways (they were little better) were ploughed up in the spring, and the long ridges were dried in the sun. Thus it was with the approach to Harford. The church itself, on the edge of the granite, stands on different ground; open enough to "winter and rough weather," but above the deep mire of the lower country. There is no village round it. The grey, lichen-stained tower lifts itself in solitude among wind-swept beeches and sycamores on a knoll at the entrance of a hollowcombe passing upward into the moors. Not far below, the rocky stream of the Erme, "from mountains freed," rushes along half hidden by oaken coppice and deeper wood, to the green meadows of the lowland. At the back, fold on fold and height on height, rise the dusky, heath-grown hills of Dartmoor, broken with clefts and hollows, and swept by all those passing gleams of light which, changing the appearance of the scene at every moment, form one of the greatest attractions to the wanderer in a wild, unenclosed district. The voice of the river and the rustle of the breeze through the sycamores will perhaps be the only sounds to greet the ear of such a wanderer as he reaches the little churchyard of Harford. He will then find that he must journey to the vicarage, which is at no great distance, for the key, of portentous size and weight, which is to admit him within the walls; and, when he has at last made good his entry, he may possibly think that, however picturesque as a point in the landscape, the church itself is of little interest. But let him not be too hasty in his judgment. The simple Perpendicular church, built of solid granite, with the tracery broken from its windows, and its interior filled with pews whose irregular outline is at least picturesque, has in itself one or two points worth notice. The roofs, time-worn and shattered as they are, show that the skill in wood-work for which ancient Devonshire was so remarkable was by no means beyond the reach of the old builders at Harford. Every rib of the cradle-roof in the nave is carved with a twining stem, from which graceful leafage expands on either side; whilst the stem itself branches from the wall-plate, also carved and decorated. On the north side of the chancel this carving gives way to an inscription:—"IHS helpe us, Amen. Walter Hele Paon, 1539. IHS salus." Of Walter Hele we know nothing; and the inscription does not allow us to assert that this "paon" carved the roof with his own hand. But this may have been so, since similar records are not unknown in neighbouring churches; and in one—that of Spreyton, on the other side of Dartmoor—the timbers of the chancel are covered with long inscriptions placed there by Henry le Moine, vicar, the constructor of the roof in 1451. "Normannise terra," runs one of these records, "Henricus hic natus fuit, et ipse scripsit hec omnia manu sua propria." It was perhaps a West-country fashion; and we commend it to those Devonshire "parsons" who in these days are busied in restoring and redecorating their chancels. It is certain that, if Walter Hele could look in upon the present condition of his church, he would find cause for suspecting that the skilled handicraft of his own day had become altogether a thing of the past among the parishioners of Harford.

However poor and neglected, and however unnoticeable in itself, Harford church contains two memorials which at once give it an interest in the eyes of the historical antiquary. We should hardly expect to find here the monument of a Speaker in one of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments. But on the north side of the chancel is the low altar tomb of Thomas Williams, Speaker in the first Parliament of Elizabeth, and filling that office for the last time in 1562. This was the year of the Parliament in which was passed

the severe statute "for the assurance of the Queen's royal power over all estates and subjects within her dominions," imposing the oath of supremacy on all commoners, and especially directed against the Romanists. It did not pass without opposition. Lord Montagu protested against it in the House of Lords, and a Mr. Atkinson in the Commons. What was the Speaker's judgment in the matter we do not know. He "was a man," according to Sir William Pole, "excellently learned in the laws of this realm"; and he died "in his young and flourishing age"—apparently in the year of this Parliament, 1562. On his tomb is a brass showing the Speaker in full armour; and below the figure is a string of verses recording his numerous virtues, and ending with the very unexpected information that he

Now in heaven with mighty Jove doth reign.

This, however, was but the "classicism" of the time, which considerably anticipated the "Universal Prayer" of Pope. "Elysian fields" and "Olympian summits" frequently appear in these inscriptions; and one in the Sussex church of Henfield, commemorating a certain Meneleb Rainsford, who died in 1627 at the age of nine, adventures yet more daringly:—

Great Jove has lost his Ganymede, I know,
Which made him seek another here below;
And finding none—not one like unto this—
Hath ta'en him hence unto eternal bliss.

If Speaker Williams, as there is reason to believe, was of Puritanical tendencies, he must have been somewhat startled at finding himself landed at last in such remarkable company.

The old manor-house at Harford, generally known as Stowford, stands much further down the valley of the Erme, but still on high ground. It was the home of the Speaker, and was partly rebuilt by him; since, although the greater portion of the house has been pulled down, there remain in the court of the present farm granite portals and mullions of Tudor character; and the roof of the kitchen is surmounted by a crocketed and embattled chimney, very good in design, and certainly Elizabethan. There was no doubt a house here from a very early period. A daughter of Matthew of Ivybridge brought the manor to the Dymocks, and from them it passed to the Bonvilles—great names both; and a greater than either has been connected, at least suggestively, with Harford. According to Howden, and to the history which has long passed under the name of Benedictus Abbas, there was a royal villa named Here, which Henry II. gave to Ralf Fitzstephen. He built a great house at Here, with the figure of a stag on the highest pinnacle of the roof. In the neighbourhood (*prope villam*) were certain stone tablets on which was inscribed in English what was held to be a prophecy. The English lines, as given by Benedict, are very obscure. The modern version of Professor Stubbs runs as follows:—"When thou seest in Here hart reved, then shall English in three be dealed. The one shall into Ireland alto lead way; the other into Apulia with pride, in speed; the third in their own heart all sorrow endure." The prophecy, says Benedict, was fulfilled when Richard Cœur de Lion built the castle of Mategriffon outside the walls of Messina. It is Mr. Stubbs who suggests that Here may be Harford in Devonshire. It is dangerous to dissent from even the suggestion of such an authority; but Harford was at no time a "villa regia," and the name of Fitzstephen does not occur in the well-ascertained list of its possessors. Still it is not amiss to give a thought to the mysterious lines and to the "hart reared" as we look on the ornamented chimney of Speaker Williams. This hart must have glittered above the same woods if this, which we can hardly suppose, was in truth the site of Fitzstephen's dwelling.

It is again doubtful whether this or some lesser mansion of Stowford is referred to in the second monument to be noticed in Harford Church. This is a slab of slate, once richly gilt and painted, within a narrow frame, rounded at the top, and fastened against the wall of the south aisle. The inscription runs thus:—"Here rest the bodies of John Prideaux of Stoford and Agnes his only wife; the parentes of seven sonnes and three daughters; to whom John Prideaux, their fourth sonne, Doctor of Divinity and the Kinges Maiesties professour thereof in the University of Oxford, Rector of Exceter Colledge, and Chaplaine to Prince Henry, King James the first and King Charles the first, hath left this filiall remembrance. July 20, 1639." Above are small figures of the parents, kneeling one on either side of a low desk. The daughters and sons (one of whom wears a doctor's red gown) are ranged behind. Dr. Prideaux, whose "filiall remembrance" is still "left" where he placed it, became two years afterwards Bishop of Worcester; and, unflinching Royalist as he was, excommunicated all in his diocese who took up arms against the King. He was of course severely treated in his turn. His palace was plundered; he was compelled to sell his library as a last means of support; and he was only fortunate, when driven from his see, in finding a refuge at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Sutton of Bredon. There he died in 1650, and the Cavalier poet Cleveland wrote an elegy on his death. He is still remembered in his native county, and when Prince gathered up the records of its worthies he found many stories about Bishop Prideaux lingering in the neighbourhood of Harford and of Ugborough. The position of his father is not certain. There are no arms on the monument, and it seems probable that it was not merely because he was the fourth son of a large family that the future Bishop, "being driven," says Prince, "to shift for himself betimes, and having a pretty good tuneable voice," tried to become parish clerk in the adjoining parish of Ugborough. It was arranged that

he and a competitor should "tune the psalm" on the next Sunday; "one in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon." Prideaux failed, and used afterwards to say, "If I could have been parish clerk of Ugborough, I had never been bishop of Worcester." But this may very well be doubted; since such was his zeal for learning that he walked (like Hooker) from Harford to Oxford, "in habit very mean and sordid, no better than leathern breeches," and was received as a Bible clerk in Exeter College. There he worked to some purpose, and rose at last, as his "remembrance" has told us, to be Rector of his College and Regius Professor of Divinity. One of his sons died during his rectorship, and in the old chapel of Exeter (we hope it has been transported to the new) was a small tablet recording his death, "the fate common to all," and adding the words "Experto crede Roberto"—a well-known phrase of which the origin cannot be traced with certainty, although it has been surmised that it was set forth for the first time on the memorial slab of this Robert Prideaux, whence the scholars of Exeter may have spread it over the world. However this may be, John Prideaux had attained to the full enjoyment of his academic dignities when he journeyed again into Devonshire, and this time not on foot, "to pay his duty to his parents," who were still living in the old house at Stowford. As he rode through the parish of Ugborough he "heard the bell toll for the funeral of a poor old woman who had been his god-mother. On which the Doctor diverted out of his way, went to her burial, and gave her a sermon." It may be that this god-mother was the "gentlewoman" who, according to Prince, maintained Prideaux at school for some time before his first journey to Oxford. It is clear that respect for his parents and gratitude towards those who had helped him in early life were marked features of his character. He left his own children no legacy, but, in the words of his will, "pious poverty, God's blessing, and a father's prayers." He was buried in the fine church of Bredon, in Worcestershire—a striking contrast, with its rich Norman portals and its beautiful decorated work, to the little moorland church of Harford; as the "filial remembrance" which he erected there differs from the elaborately sculptured monument of black marble which at a later time was raised by his relatives above his own resting-place.

It is interesting to compare the tablet erected by Prideaux at Harford with a square table tomb in the churchyard at Totness, raised by Doctor Kennicott, the Hebraist, over the graves of his father and mother. The parents of Kennicott, like those of Prideaux, were of "low degree." He was born at Totness in 1718, and was educated at the Grammar School there, whence he was sent "by a subscription among certain gentlemen" to Oxford; he greatly distinguished himself as a Hebrew scholar, and at last became Canon of Christchurch. Like Prideaux, he did not forget his early years. The inscription written by him runs thus:—"As virtue should be of good report, sacred be this humble monument to the memory of Benjamin Kennicott, Parish Clerk of Totness, and Elizabeth his wife. The latter, an example of every Christian duty; the former, animated with warmest zeal, regulated by the best good sense, and both constantly exerted for the salvation of himself and others. Reader, soon shalt thou die also; and as a candidate for immortality, strike thy breast and say, Let me live the life of the righteous, that my last end may be like his. Trifling are the dates of Time when the subject is Eternity. Erected by their son, B. Kennicott, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford."

THEOLOGY OF THE DAILY PRESS.

WE have already expressed at some length our view of the bearings of what has come to be variously described as the "Hatcham Case," or the "Hatcham Rebellion," and we shall not repeat it here. But the comments of the daily press on the subject are in some respects so remarkable, and supply such an odd illustration of a trite proverb, which we need not quote, as to suggest by themselves matter for serious reflection. We say advisedly for serious reflection, although, as will appear presently, it is often impossible in reading them to refrain from a smile. For it is really no laughing matter when critics who profess to represent and guide public opinion insist on treating the whole affair as a silly dispute about "man-millinery" which may readily be disposed of when, as the *Public Leader* elegantly puts it, "Mr. Tooth is compelled by grinning through the bars of a prison to withdraw from the Church and set up his gewgaw shop at Rome, or, like a Dissenter as he is, in a Free Church." A very moderate acquaintance with history, or with human nature, might have taught these supercilious wisacres that important issues, religious or political, are frequently fought out on some comparatively trivial pretext. It is customary with Thucydides to state first the ostensible and then the actual cause of the war or revolution he is about to describe, just as Mr. Kinglake begins his history of the Crimean War with an account of the quarrel of Greeks and Latins about the custody of the Holy Places at Jerusalem. Or, to take an analogy still closer to the present question, the Royalists who, according to Macaulay, were "prepared to fight to the death for every line of the rubric and every thread of the surplice," were really engaged in a contest about something much more important than any ceremonial minutiae. It was only the other day that the rival causes of monarchy and republicanism in France turned on the acceptance or rejection of a white flag. And this puerile misapprehension of the

true state of the case becomes still more ludicrous when it appears that those who persist in treating the whole controversy as a mere quarrel about insignificant ritual "gewgaws" have not even taken the trouble to master the most elementary incidents of the particular ritual under debate. It is not so very long since a Western journal displayed its orthodox jealousy for the purity of our Reformed liturgy by complaining that the Ritualistic incumbent of a certain church had dared to read special psalms of his own selection on Christmas Day, instead of those marked in the Calendar for the twenty-fifth day of the month. But what are we to say of so highly respectable, not to say religious and ecclesiastical, an organ as the *Standard* not even knowing the official signature of the Bishop of Rochester? "J. L. Roffen," according to one of its reporters, represents the Bishop's apparitor, while another treats it as the proper name of a "Mr. J. L. Roffin." Still more wonderful is the reporter's account of the illegal furniture of St. James's, Hatcham, which includes "a lectern outside the church for evening celebrations." Nobody in the habit of attending church could well be ignorant at this time of day of the use of a lectern, and any one sufficiently interested in Ritualism to think it worth the trouble of abusing might have been expected to know that, if there is one thing which Ritualists condemn and abhor, on grounds both liturgical and doctrinal, it is the celebration of evening communions. If we remember rightly, one of their leaders has issued a work recently in order to denounce it, with more zeal than discrimination, as "the besetting sin of the age." The *Standard* has shown that it can at least be as funny as its more secular contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, which gravely announced the other day that the infant daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh had been christened Melita, "after St. John, the patron saint of Malta."

From the eccentricities of the *Standard* and the *Telegraph* we turn to the more solemn, but not more reasonable, lucubrations of the *Times* and the Correspondents whom it delights to honour with its largest type. One of these Correspondents, signing himself "An English Churchman," delivered his mind on the whole subject last Tuesday in the form of an historical retrospect, which, for writers whose perverse passion for tracing analogies is in an exactly inverse ratio to their apprehension of the point wherein the analogy consists, is about the most fatally delusive method of argument possible. His letter arose out of a controversy as to the tactics of the English Church Union, which had been accused of "intolerance," but which Mr. Carter maintained to have acted simply on the defensive for the protection of High Churchmen, and not, like the Church Association, for the prosecution of other schools of religious thought. As a matter of fact the correspondence proves that Mr. Carter was quite right, and the cases of prosecution cited by "An English Churchman" have nothing to do with the question, having been undertaken, most of them before the Church Union was formed, and all of them by particular Bishops or private persons independently of it. But it is mainly for another purpose that "An English Churchman" points his moral by reference to the Gorham and *Essay and Review* and Colenso cases, as well as some others of a similar kind. In the first place, he wants to show that "the High Church Party" was responsible for all these prosecutions. Now we need not stay to discuss whether it would be right or wrong for High Churchmen to seek by constitutional means for the condemnation of what they regard as erroneous teaching; we are simply dealing with the fact. And it need hardly be observed that it is absurd to speak of the official act of a Bishop, whatever his personal opinions, as the act of a party in the Church. The prosecutions of Mr. Gorham, of Mr. Voysey, and of the Essayists were undertaken *proprio motu* by their respective dioceses, one of whom at least can in no sense be called a High Churchman. Bishop Colenso was tried and condemned by his Metropolitan. It is nonsense to say that in these cases "the party acted, no doubt, from a motive as conscientious as that which has prompted the recent attacks upon themselves." It did not act at all, though it may have approved. Professor Hampden, like Mr. Voysey at a later date, was charged, whether justly or not is another question, with opinions at variance with every form of Christianity, "High" or "Low"; and the only attempt to "eject" Professor Jowett emanated from the Evangelical party. The objections to the endowment of his chair were based on academical considerations quite independent of his personal fitness for the office, and were urged, if our memory serves us rightly, by men so little allied theologically as Dr. Pusey and the late Professor Conington.

If "An English Churchman" is not happy in his facts, he is still less happy in his inferences, which are implicitly endorsed by the accompanying leader in the *Times*. Relying on the confusion already noticed between the immediate occasion and the real ground of a controversy, he dwells on "the infinitely less importance" of the issues involved in the Ritualist prosecutions than in those of an earlier date, while yet "every one of these (former) agitations is now as completely dead and buried as if it had never been." Dean Stanley, if we are not mistaken, refers in his *Lectures on the Eastern Church* to the dispute about the *Filioque* as "an excellent instance of the class of extinct controversies." He has lived, however, to see the extinct controversy revived in all its original ardour, not as a mere literary curiosity, but as a grave practical question affecting the relations of Anglicans, Old Catholics, and Eastern Christians to each other. And the "English Churchman" must be singularly blind to the true nature of the controversy now proceeding before his eyes if he cannot understand that the opposition to Lord Penzance's Court is a continuance or renewal of the "agitation" against the authority of the

Judicial Committee in spiritual matters some five-and-twenty years ago. It has brought home with fresh force to the minds of English churchmen who are more sensitive about such questions than he appears to be himself what they consider, rightly or wrongly, an undue interference of the civil power in the internal concerns of the Church. And the fact that the clergyman who happens to be the first victim under the new law has chosen to go to prison rather than submit, and is evidently supported by a considerable body of sympathizers, both clerical and lay, in thus carrying out his resistance to the bitter end, would alone prove that the practical importance of the present crisis is not so insignificant as his critic loftily assumes. The *Times* itself, in much the same spirit, reminds Mr. Tooth that, if the law courts cannot enforce his compliance with their prescribed standard of worship, they at least can and will "prevent illegal ceremonies from being performed in his church." That is of course perfectly true, but to urge it as decisive of the whole matter is to forget an old proverb about the difference between bringing a horse to the water and making him drink. Mr. Tooth's substitute, or successor—and in speaking of his case we are speaking of others of the same kind that are likely to follow—may easily enough be installed in St. James's Church by the strong arm of the law which has already ejected Mr. Tooth himself. But the law cannot provide congregations for its nominees, or control their taste, however perverse, for the "trivialities" it forbids. And it is precisely because these offending Ritualists have congregations at their backs that the question they have raised, whatever may be its theological merits or demerits, is, "in the eyes of every intelligent person"—to borrow the phraseology of "An English Churchman"—one which gravely affects the position and prospects of the Established Church, as such. The possibility we have indicated is not purely conjectural. We happen to know of the case of a "Ritualistic" church in the heart of London which used to be thronged by a poor but attached congregation, often overflowing to the doorsteps. There had been no "aggrieved parishioners" and no prosecution; but two or three years ago the incumbent died, and the patrons resolved to appoint a successor who would pledge himself "to prevent illegal ceremonies from being performed in his church." Their desire has been carried out, and the average attendance on Sundays at present is reported to consist of about fifteen persons. We are not defending the "illegal" proclivities of the seceders, or criticizing the exemplary vigour of the law-abiding patrons whose action has driven them into secession. But the "English Churchman," who is so nobly jealous of all semblance of intolerance, and the enlightened critics of the *Telegraph* and the *Standard*, whose eloquent dissertations on "lecterns" and other "gewgaws" we quoted just now, may profitably take note of the fact.

THE PHONETICS AGAIN.

WE know not whether the Spelling Bee has, by a perhaps not unnatural reaction, given new vigour to the Phonetic Wasp. It certainly is the fact that the campaign of this last enemy is beginning again with fresh vigour. It is not, we think, for the first time that we see the name of "E. Jones, B.A., An Ex-schoolmaster," who has again something to tell us about these matters in a pamphlet headed "Popular Education," which on its title-page declares "Inspected Schools a Failure!"—the greatness of the failure being doubtless marked by the note of admiration—and "a Revision of English Spelling a National Necessity." The absence of the note of admiration in this latter case might however be taken as a sign that the national necessity for a revision of English spelling was, after all, less clear than the failure of inspected schools. With the failure of inspected schools we have here now no concern; it is the spelling question on which we again wish to say something, notwithstanding the great number of School Boards which we seem likely to offend by what we are going to say. We might possibly live through the opposition of the School Boards for London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Rochdale; but when an appeal is made to Professor Max Müller, Mr. Skeat, and Mr. Rhys, the controversy is getting more serious. Yet, when we come to actual quotation, we see nothing either from Mr. Skeat or Mr. Rhys; and what is quoted from Professor Max Müller is so very general that we think he is quite as likely really to be for us as for our adversaries. For he speaks only in the vaguest way in favour of "spelling reform"; and to a spelling reform, in the abstract, no rational person could object. We have never said a word against moderate changes, changes which would really restore the history of words when it is clouded by the devices of printers during the last two hundred years. What we have spoken against is the reckless wiping out of the whole history of the language, which is what the zealous phonetic people propose. In the pamphlet before us, Mr. Jones gets very angry with a former article of ours, now nearly four years old. We then said that there was no reason, except those reasons springing from the weakness of human nature which throw difficulties in the way of every violent change, good or bad, against changing *tongue* into *tung*, *island* into *iland*, and making any other changes of the like kind which really restore the history of the words. On this our censor thus comments:—

This extract concedes the whole argument, and explains the ground of all the opposition; the reviewer admits that certain improvements are desirable, but he will lend no helping hand to bring about a change, partly because they are initiated by persons in the humble position of Elementary

Teachers, and partly on account of the ridicule to which in certain quarters any one advocating a change of spelling would be exposed.

We are asked triumphantly whether we ever heard of Professor Max Müller, a question which we hardly need answer, and we are further asked, what we are quite unable to answer; whether we "expect that many who have ranked higher than the title of B.A. are likely to be found among the teachers in elementary schools." All this does not much matter; but the notion that we yielded the point at issue shows the confusion in the phonetic mind between two wholly different and contradictory objects which they jumble together under the common name of "spelling reform." There are changes which, as we have said, restore the history of words when the usage of printers has obscured it; and there are changes which would utterly wipe out such little history as the printers have left to us. Against the former class of changes there is no argument whatever, except the general argument against all violent changes. The object is good in itself; the only question is whether it is worth the trouble. The man who shall write *tung* for *tongue* will certainly be laughed at. If it were a matter of moral principle, a man should not shrink from being laughed at at all hazards. The only question is whether to spell the word *tung* so as to proclaim its history instead of hiding it is a matter of such importance that a man is bound to court ridicule for its sake. This is a question on which men may fairly differ, and there is no kind of absurdity in the position which we took up. We said that, "If anybody can persuade the world to" make this and other similar changes, "we shall rejoice in his triumph, though we are not daring enough to offer to bear the heat of the battle along with him." Is there no cause which Mr. Jones would be well pleased to see succeed, though he does not feel it his duty to make himself a prominent champion of it? We are driven to infer, either that Mr. Jones takes no interest in any cause whatever but that of phonetics, or else that he must be taking up a number of other causes as well with a degree of zeal which would wear out anybody else. We certainly know of men who deem themselves called on to make sacrifices on behalf of one or two objects, but who would also rejoice to hear that others had been successful on behalf of several other objects on behalf of which they did not feel called on to make sacrifices in their own persons.

Real "spelling reform," then, such reform as would bring back words nearer to their historical shape, has always had our good wishes, though perhaps not our very active good wishes. But under the same name is mixed up another thing, which not only has not our most passive good wishes, but which may be sure of our most active opposition. When it is proposed to write *tung* and *iland*, the only question is whether the advantage of the change is worth the trouble of making it. When it is proposed to write *poarshen* or *guodz* for *portion* of *goods*, the disadvantage is so great as to be worth any amount of trouble to withstand it. Take the best example of all; *rite*, *write*, *right*, *wright*, are words of four different meanings, of four different origins, once of four different sounds, but which, through "phonetic decay"—that is, in plain words, through sheer idleness—have come to be sounded all alike. But though they are now sounded all alike, yet the four different spellings keep the difference of meaning and origin quite distinct. The phonetics would doubtless spell them all the same way; by so doing they would not only destroy the history of the words, but might lead to great confusions of meaning. In an argument on the Hatcher case it might be important to distinguish between *rite* and *right*. So with *tare* and *tear*, *signet* and *cynnet*, *hair* and *hare*, and crowds of other words where the spelling preserves a distinction which has got lost in sound. Mr. Danby P. Fry, Barrister-at-Law, spares "mighty"; but Mr. Macarthur, "a teacher near Glasgow," turns "nightly" into "nitely"; perhaps the same letters would be his translation of *ritterlich*. The same teacher, yet more cruelly, turns *give* into *guiv*; why we cannot guess, as he turns *angel* into *ainjel*. Grammar-makers seem never to see, when they are making rules and tables about *g* hard and *g* soft, *c* hard and *c* soft, that the simple law is that *g* and *c* (as distinguished from *ch*) are always hard in natural English words, while they become soft in certain classes of imported words. It is cruel therefore to turn *give* into *guiv*, as if the *g* could not discharge his natural Teutonic function without a *u* to strengthen him. As for *angel* and the other words, they had better stay as they are by way of distinction; but if we are to have a revolution, by all means let us sound the *g* in *angel* hard rather than write *ainjel*. The one change would surely be as easy to make as the other.

If we were to say all that we could say against the proposed revolution, it would need a book rather than a short article. Our business now is with one point only—to show the absurdity of saying that we give up the question because we make no objection to reform so long as it is historical. We do not feel called on to fight for *tung* and *iland*; but we are ready to accept them if they can win the battle for themselves. But, because we are ready to accept *tung* and *iland*, for that very reason we decline to accept *guiv* and *decoshun* in any case. We will not now go into the ten thousand arguments against the latter change. All that we have to do is to assert that the two classes of changes have absolutely nothing in common; to assert that a qualified, or even an unqualified, acceptance of such changes as makes the history of words clearer is no admission on behalf of changes which destroy the history of words. Let *rhyme* be changed into *rime* by all means, if people can be brought to do it; but for that very reason *thyme* must not be confused with *time*. *Time* and *rime* are good English words; *thyme* is a foreigner, and must keep his foreign garb.

But for that very reason *rime* ought not to put on a foreign garb. If *thyme* with its present sound and spelling offends anybody, the real remedy is not to confuse *thyme* and *time* by spelling *thyme* like *time*, but to distinguish them in sound as well as in spelling by giving *thyme* its proper sound of *pim*. But, after all, there is a higher law which says, Let well alone.

AN AMERICAN HERO.

THE old "Commodore" is dead at last, and his countrymen appear to be very grateful to him for the entertainment which has been afforded by his exciting career, and especially by his protracted illness, the various phases of which, including the most minute medical particulars, were regularly reported in the journals of New York for the gratification of public curiosity during the whole time that the poor man's struggle with death continued. The *New York Herald* remarks, no doubt with a sense of satisfaction that it had already made a good thing of the Commodore's illness, that "the news of his demise will not cause much surprise, as the daily bulletins of his condition have led to a general expectation of the event." Even on "Change the incident produced very little stir; and, 'strange to say, the taking off of this active worker in railway enterprises did not materially affect the price of railway securities, and consequently 'the street' was not subjected to any unusual excitement." The truth is that the great man had been discounted in every way long before the breath was out of his body, and was regarded as merely a lingering ghost. Indeed the delay in the *dénouement* was evidently felt to be rather tiresome; and though the patient's state remained as critical as ever, the paragraphs in the papers became more brief, till for a day or two his death gave a new spurt to the interest in his fate. The great object of existence in American society would seem to be to procure excitement; and this is chiefly provided by sensational stories about a certain class of public men which, as told in the newspapers, serve the same purpose as thrilling fictions in this country. Vanderbilt was always a great favourite in this way, and even on his death-bed the doors and windows were thrown open, as it were, and the eager multitude gaped round the fading life. They are now treated to a graphic picture of what is called "The Last Scene of All," the moment of death, together with the details of the *post-mortem* examination and funeral. Considering how thoroughly the New York journalists had exhausted all there was to say about Mr. Vanderbilt's career and character while he was lying slowly dying, it is a proof of their energy and ingenuity that they have found anything more to say. But it seems to be agreed that such a remarkable citizen ought not to be allowed to pass away without page upon page being devoted to him in the papers. In "The Last Scene of All" we are shown the sinking mortal in private conference with his wife and his favourite minister, Dr. Deems. When alone with the latter he "conversed with her for some time"—the *Herald* reporter must have been present under the bed, for the keyhole would be too far off—"on religious subjects very closely. She asked him as to the ground of his faith, and he expressed himself very deliberately and decidedly." "He spoke of his consciousness of his ignorance of spiritual things, but said that ignorance did not stand in the way of his faith." Also, when the pastor came, there was more talk on these subjects, and Mr. Vanderbilt—so the pastor says in a special account which he furnished to the papers—"took him by the hand and looked in his face, while tears started to his eyes, saying, 'Dear Doctor, you never crowded your religion on me, but you have been faithful to me.'" And for having thus taken care not to make religion too oppressive to a man who had not much time for it, Dr. Deems comes in for a handsome bequest. Afterwards, when company came in hymns were sung, and the dying man tried to join in them, and in a little while it was seen that he was past hope. Next we have details of the autopsy, which we may be excused for not quoting, and a full account of the funeral, with the prayers and sermon. It would seem that there was none of the gorgeous ostentation about this funeral which there was in Mr. Stewart's case; the procession and service were both of an ordinary and simple kind, in accordance, it is said, with Mr. Vanderbilt's own wishes. The "casket," which is American for coffin, was placed in the hall of the house, and "a stream of relatives, friends, former associates, and *employés* came to take a last look at the beloved and familiar features of the dead Commodore, and not a few were astonished at the severe simplicity of the floral decorations." The whole Vanderbilt family was also on view on this occasion, and "presented an impressive spectacle, the men all of the same sturdy, rugged, sinewy, broad-browed, and strong-limbed type, and the women all invisible from their long, heavy, shroud-like black veils." After the service in the church, "a last opportunity was offered to view the remains, and the long file passed the casket, and looked their last upon the pale, emaciated face."

There are of course full biographies of the "Commodore" in the newspapers, and from one of a gossip character in the *New York Herald* we get a vivid impression of his character and ways. He came of a Dutch stock, and was born on Staten Island in 1794. Tradition says that he was a very noisy baby, and made himself heard; and he soon began to show much spirit and energy. When he reached manhood he could read fairly, but wrote and ciphered badly; while "for breaking a horse there was not the young fellow's equal

on the whole of the island." He bestrode a racehorse when he was six years old, and had no taste for books. He had also great aptitude for boating, his father being a farmer and ferryman, so that he had good practice on the ferry. In his sixteenth year his mother bought him a boat for himself; and he went off in it, and exchanged it for another, which he brought back with him. This proved to be a swifter boat than any other on the river; and, "with great enterprise, he succeeded in running his father and mother out of the ferry business in about six months' time"; and his father was so proud of his cleverness that he remitted the remainder of the apprenticeship. He thus began early to push his own interests, and to make investments, and soon became the owner of the finest vessel in the harbour. On his twenty-third birthday he was master of ten thousand dollars, which was then considered in those parts a nice fortune. He soon added to the number of his vessels; but, perceiving the advantages of steam, betook himself to that form of navigation in the service of Mr. Gibbons, of New Jersey, who was engaged in the transportation of goods and passengers between New York and Philadelphia. Then he managed to get a steamer of his own and an hotel, out of both of which he made a considerable profit. In 1829 he had trebled his capital, and both built and ran steam-vessels. He obtained a monopoly of the whole traffic in freights and passengers, whether by railway or steamboat, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, over the land and water of Nicaragua, and did well for a time, but he afterwards sold it for a good price; and then it was found that the San Juan river had been gradually pouring down mud and sand, and raising a bar at its mouth, which put a stop to the route. "His ships now fretted every harbour and every sea, and he was known as the leading steamboat owner in America"; and it is noted that he never insured his vessels. His successes in this way, however, did not satisfy him; and having accumulated forty million dollars, he abandoned the water, and took to railways, which it had always been his great ambition to try his luck in. He first acquired a control over the Harlem road, and then of the Hudson river, and thus laid a basis for an attack on the New York Central, of the greater part of which he soon became the owner. Since then the system of lines has been extended, till the capital has reached an aggregate amount of 150,000,000 dollars, of which about half is believed to be in the hands of the Vanderbilt family. Vanderbilt was also "the heaviest operator in stocks whom not only Wall Street, but the world, has ever seen." His first great *coup* was the Harlem "Corner" in 1864, when he compelled the other side to settle at an enormous loss. One admirer describes him as having an heroic way, like Bonaparte, of crushing his antagonists by "hurling masses of money and stocks against their combinations"; and also mentions that he prudently "made no personal advances to corrupt members of the Legislature," having "some one else who did most of that species of work, without acquainting Vanderbilt necessarily of the matter." The apologist explains that he does not mean that "a regular lobbyist was employed to do corrupt work"—oh, dear no—only "there was what might be called a political manager." Another worshipper of the hero attributes to him "three great qualities." "He could measure a man from his crown to his toes by looking at him; he was not afraid in his youth to buck against anything that had power or money to divide; and he had a fine constitution, which he kept up by frugal and temperate habits." It seems to be admitted, however, that "he had obtuse, and even callous, sides of character; but he loved horses, centaur company, homely personal reminiscences, and domestic comfort, and his will and ease." We are also told that, "although in many things an uninformed man, his business perceptions were of an extensive kind, and almost like inspirations; but, in reality, they were the fruit of holding fixedly to a few orthodox convictions, taught him probably by his mother." What these orthodox convictions were is not stated; but it may be inferred from what is known of the "Commodore's" life that they were embodied in the grand principles—keep an eye on the main chance; do the best you can for yourself; and never mind bringing down other people. From another biographer we learn that "the 'Commodore' had a poor opinion of men who mixed business with sentiment"; and that "he called men promiscuously 'suckers,' a word much in vogue thirty years ago." To his family he "was kind without being demonstrative; he expected his children to do well in marriage, and had little patience with those who continued dependant, as some of them did."

Putting together the various accounts of the deceased millionaire, we get a very good idea of the type of great man whom the Americans admire. Mr. Vanderbilt was no doubt a much more respectable person than scoundrels like Fisk and Tweed; but his respectability had little to do with the interest which was taken in him by his countrymen. What tickled their fancy was his audacity and unscrupulousness in speculation, and his success in piling up wealth. The aggregate amount covered by his will is estimated at between eighty million and a hundred million dollars, the bulk of which goes to his son. He was essentially "a smart man," always engaged in some bold game, and supplying an abundant fund of sensational gossip. If there was, as may be suspected, little respect for the man underlying his popularity, there seems to be at least a general desire to make the most of him as a representative American. The Rev. J. Searles, who preached a sermon on his memory, said he was "the leading man of the age, and had left an impress upon it which would long endure, and his great enterprises were worthy of a lasting appre-

ciation and remembrance." His great enterprises were, it may be presumed, his "corners"; and the lesson which he impressed upon his age was that the great end of existence is to become immensely rich, and that any one who wishes to attain that summit must not be too particular as to how he does it. Mr. Beecher also ranked the deceased as the first of "commercial" men, though he hinted a doubt as to whether he went beyond that point. The *New York Herald* glorifies him for always knowing his own mind, and going to his purpose "like a cannon-ball," and says there "are few kings whose will was more potent than that of this simple citizen," which seems to suggest that the Republic is on the way to become monarchical internally. At a meeting of the Directors of the chief Railway Companies, a long resolution was passed, in which it was set forth that Vanderbilt's career was a "dazzling success, with a tinge of romance," and that, "in an age and a country distinguished for their marvellous personal triumphs, his achievements rank among the most extraordinary and distinctive of all," which is perhaps rather unfairly casting Tweed into the shade. The toleration with which Fisk was regarded, and the sympathy and admiration shown for Tweed, may be taken as characteristic of the tendency of popular sentiment in America; and an incident which is reported in the newspapers, which are full of Vanderbilt, may also be added to the picture, as an illustration of the worship of the almighty dollar in another sphere. On January 7th the annual auction of pews in Plymouth Church was held in that edifice, in the presence of "a large and fashionable audience." The auctioneer and his clerk occupied Mr. Beecher's pulpit, and there was a lively competition, the result of which was to show "a marked reduction on nearly all the pews as compared with last year." This Mr. Beecher attributed to the hard times, and hoped for better things when "a more flush period" arrived. Perhaps if Mr. Beecher should be fortunate enough to have another savoury "scandal" connected with his name, this grand object of his Christian and pastoral ambition might be attained.

REVIEWS.

THROUGH PERSIA BY CARAVAN.*

MR. ARNOLD started for Persia evidently with very little knowledge of the strange people and country he was about to visit. But he very soon learnt a good deal, and he has displayed his acquisitions in these two volumes. He seems to have spent eight months on his tour, beginning with Warsaw and St. Petersburg, and ending with Bushire and Bombay. He saw the great Fair at Nijni Novgorod, sailed 1,400 miles down the Volga and 600 across the Caspian, looked on the oil wells at Baku, and, after staying some time at Teheran, passed through the cities of Kum, Isfahan, and Shiraz, and, without going far off the beaten line of road, seems to have taken a rapid but not inaccurate survey of a large tract of the Persian Empire, from one point where it is threatened by Russia to another where it enjoys the countenance of a diplomatic Resident in direct subordination to the Foreign Office at Calcutta. Mr. Arnold's obvious inexperience of Oriental proclivities has not prevented his writing what is, in its way, a readable book. His style is fluent; and though perhaps his journalistic tendencies dispose him to a generalization which is a trifle too rapid, or to lectures in which too little allowance is made for national peculiarities, he has collected some interesting information. He managed to acquire sufficient knowledge of the language to order a fresh horse, to call for his dinner, and to restrain insubordinate or tyrannical dependents; and if we point out a few errors in his spelling or interpretation of Persian phrases, it is only by way of warning other travellers who may very justly rely on his general accuracy, that they must not depend on him as a Persian interpreter. For instance, *Pedder* *sec* is, no doubt, meant for *Padar-i-sag*, or father of a dog—a term of abuse alternating with that of *Padar-i-sokhtah*, or one whose father is burnt; in plain English, who is in hell-fire. *Pishkish* is properly spelt *pesheush*, and it is not the equivalent, as stated, for the backshish of Egyptian dragomans and donkey-boys. *Peshcush* stands for a present made by an inferior to a superior, and it certainly could never have been given by an English gentleman like Mr. Arnold to the miscellaneous retinue which had been politely sent him as escort. *Medocle* ought to be *Mudakhal*—an exact equivalent to the Indian *dusturi*, or perquisites, and something not very unlike "the commission" which has recently supplied the *Times* with abundant correspondence. *Deor* has a Russian sound about it, seeing that travellers in that country write about the *Gostinnoi Deor*, or Russian market. What Mr. Arnold really means is *dawa*, or medicine, all Englishmen being supposed to dispense physic by divine right amongst Eastern nations. *Perizan* would in reality mean fairy woman, and not old woman; the latter term is correctly *pir-zan*. We must demur also to an illustration of the difficulty of translating the poet Hafiz. Mr. Arnold says, with truth, that a Persian with a smattering of modern English would find it rather difficult to translate Chaucer, and remarks that Hafiz and Sadi lived about five hundred years ago. But the Persian language has not materially altered since

that time. The difficulties of Hafiz are those of style, and would have been the same if this erotic poet had lived in the last century; while Sadi is one of the first books given to the tiro to study for its ease and simplicity. Still more unfortunate is the reference to Dante as possibly presenting difficulties to a Persian who had but a knowledge of colloquial Italian. Those who have studied the *Divine Comedy* carefully know that its archaisms are comparatively few, and not so very perplexing. What is hard in the poet-philosopher is the thought and meaning concealed under language which is very like modern Italian, and is anyhow, to all appearance, simple and familiar. Indeed, Dante did for Italian what Cicero did for Latin. He gave to his Tuscan language the pressure and shape which it retains to this day.

However, Mr. Arnold did not enter Persia as a philologist, but as a traveller and politician, and we can afford to dismiss his linguistic errors and turn to his narrative and remarks. His comments on Russian laws and manners are not without value, especially at this time; and we are glad to see that, while exposing the hollowness of the claim made by some portion of the Russian press to represent "public opinion," he is not blind to the difficulties of permitting anything like unrestricted discussion under an absolute and irresponsible Executive. Mr. Arnold dwells further on the barrenness of a large part of Russia, composed of white sand, stunted trees, or dark woods of pine or fir, and seems even to suggest, in the poverty of the land, an apology for the Czar's casting a longing eye on the more fertile provinces of his neighbours in Europe or Asia. Remarks on Russian revenue, railways, and taxation are judicious; and prominence is given to the mistakes of the Government in rewarding loyal traders by exempting them from taxation, and allowing owners of a certain amount of land to have a voice in the election of the provincial judges. This surely is an attempt which can have no good result to combine the concessions of a centralizing despot with self-government.

But the greater part of these two volumes is taken up with the land journey through Persia, and it is this which we recommend to readers who really wish to understand what sort of hopes there are for a country governed by the potentate who was saluted in London four years ago as the successor of Darius. The mode of travelling in all countries is to a certain extent the measure of their civilization. And in Persia we do not seem to have got much ahead of the *Anabasis* of Xenophon. There are two methods of getting over the ground. The traveller, in thick boots and with protection for the head and face against alternate cold and heat, goes on horseback rapidly from one rest-house to another. He takes little or nothing with him, but rides at a smart pace till he finds a relay of horses. If he wishes not to lose sight of bed, baggage, and camp furniture, he forms a "caravan," and, when there is a lady in the case, as in the present instance, Mrs. Arnold having accompanied her husband, recourse is had to the running litter, or *takhi-i-ravan*. It is a sort of light framework with two poles in front and two behind, between which a single mule is harnessed, warranted to get over the ground at about three miles an hour. Of course this is slow work, and the product about equals that of palanquin travelling in India, which has been exploded over a considerable part of that dependency, first by the carriage on metalled roads, and then by the rail. But, for those who are not pressed for time and who wish to moralize and make notes of the physical and social aspect of the kingdom, as well as to take with them Mr. Carlyle's "groceries and upholsteries," the caravan has its advantages. The wayfarer, on arriving at the rest-house, or caravanserai, unpacks his mattress, opens his tins of soup, biscuits, and potted meat, lights a fire in a room bare of furniture and strewn with the relics of former occupants, heats his coffee, and makes himself as comfortable as circumstances will permit. The standard of comfort, we are bound to admit, is not very high; and Mr. Arnold amuses us over and over again by graphically showing how cold and cheerless were the rooms, with their empty window-frames and floors of clay; how he had to stop holes, and keep the wind away with hangings and quilts; how skilfully Hussain and Karim extemporized a kitchen range of bricks, collected firewood, and compounded a savoury stew of kid or lamb; or how jackals and foxes prowled by night, and dervishes and loungers looked by day with wonderment at the domestic arrangements of the Sahibs, whose appearance at the *chapar-khanah* had not been so frequent as to deprive the sight of its novelty. The servants, to do them justice, seem to have behaved as Mohammedans on such occasions, not hampered by a whole network of caste prejudices, generally do behave; but the season chosen for the journey was not opportune. In fact, however, a Persian traveller has to choose between two unpleasant seasons, one of excessive cold, the other of burning heat. Mr. Arnold for fifty days traversed a country white with snow, over a road which was simply marked out by the hoofs of mules and camels. There are no large or dangerous rivers to get over in Persia as there are in India; but there were bleak passes of several thousand feet in height, and after Shiraz Mrs. Arnold had to abandon the mule-carriage and betake herself to a stout grey pony. There were visions and reports of robbers, but they never made their appearance; and though the mules and ponies slipped on the ice, and floundered in the snowdrifts, and though it was almost impossible to keep the party together or to avoid injury to the baggage, no serious mishap was encountered, and at Kazeroon the change from winter to spring was delightful and instantaneous. Snow disappeared, trees were seen laden with oranges, and houses shaded by palms; the tra-

* *Through Persia by Caravan*. By Arthur Arnold, Author of "From the Levant," &c. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1877.

vellers faced showers of rain instead of driving sleet and snow, and they came on a river which actually had a bridge, the work of a Governor who is credited with some activity and resource.

This leisurely mode of travelling enabled the writer to exercise his powers of observation, and to hold conversations with Persians of various ranks, with officials on the telegraph, and with Mr. Bruce, the enlightened missionary, who seems to have much difficulty in persuading the authorities of Isfahan to tolerate his school. We think it a pity that Mr. Arnold did not avail himself of the offer made by our Minister at Teheran to take up his quarters at the English Residency. There is always a good deal to be learnt from the official view of local politics, even when an independent writer is bent on judging for himself. On arriving at Bushire, there was luckily no hotel kept by a Frenchman or any one else, as there happened to be at Teheran; and Mr. Arnold, who had probably had quite enough of rest-houses and caravanserais, ragged horsemen and unruly muleteers, was too glad to take up his quarters with Colonel Ross, the Political Resident under the Government of India. From this gentleman he obtained some facts which he would hardly have picked up for himself regarding the qualifications of pilgrims to Mecca, the rottenness of the ships which convey these devotees to Jeddah or go to pieces on rocks in defiance of Mr. Plimsoll, the iniquities of the Persian Custom-houses, the manufacture of a very second-rate kind of opium for export to India, flavoured with oil and adulterated with other substances, and the general decline in population and trade. Of the physical aspect of the country Mr. Arnold was doubtless as good a judge as if he had spoken the purest Persian, or had held for years an appointment in the telegraph service or as engineer, and his pen describes graphically the striking and yet monotonous scenery of whole provinces. Mountains covered with snow for months or weeks are grand and imposing, but there is a wearisome monotony in brown uplands, in hovels with flat roofs, in stunted brushwood, and in careless cultivation. To the absence of all vigour in the Government, except that spasmodic exercise of despotic cruelty which can never deal effectively with crime, these pages bear abundant testimony. Nothing seems to thrive in Persia except official corruption. Agriculture is stationary; all intercourse is carried on in spite of manifold obstacles; whole classes become robbers more from necessity than choice; and we rather wonder that a man of Mr. Arnold's experience should have been disappointed that such a country did not derive more benefit from the telegraph, which he calls "a great addition to the power and resources of a wise Administration." Telegraphs and railroads can only develop and draw out latent resources. They cannot create them in the teeth of a bad climate, a worse government, and an exhausted people. In India, under different conditions, material agencies such as the rail and the wire can cheapen commodities, raise wages, save time and expense in the transport of brigades, lessen the inroads of famine, increase the power of the Government, and add to the enjoyment of the poorest peasant or pilgrim.

Mr. Arnold devotes a chapter or two to Classic Persia, which is well worth perusal; and while admiring the tomb of Cyrus and the great Hall of Xerxes, he may well have asked himself what has become of the national ability to raise enduring monuments and to muster vast forces in the field. The plain answer is that Persia is worn out. These inevitable deductions appear to have come on Mr. Arnold by degrees; for, as we said at starting, he had no acquaintance with native manners or with the sayings and doings of Orientals. He took the term "brother" to imply consanguinity, though the story of Sindbad the Sailor might have taught him that this term is used to imply any one of your set or circle. He got beyond Shiraz before he discovered that the verb "to eat" is applied in Persian to many other things than food, some of them decidedly unpleasant; and he was needlessly horrified when two of his servants perpetrated a quiet little bit of "looting" on their own account, from which, we will venture to say, the most orderly domestics would scarcely have refrained. Mr. Arnold's anger was justified in another instance, when he came down sharply on the chief of his escort for taking two sheep from a flock without payment. This latter custom is too prevalent even in India; and other malpractices exist in Persia to a degree which would make the fortune of a platform of atrocity-mongers, if it should ever become the fashion to overhaul Asiatic despotisms in succession, and to insist on their swallowing "constitutions" wholesale. That debtors should be killed by their creditors, and the dead bodies be dragged through the bazaars by way of warning; that the cruel punishment of the bastinado on the soles of the feet should be so administered that culprits are not able to walk for a month; that the governor of a province should in vain try to put down robbery with violence by cutting the throats of the offenders, crucifying them, and, lastly, burying them alive in cylinders of brick-work; that the prince who governed at Isfahan should display his fanaticism openly and use language which imperilled the life of an excellent missionary; and that the Shah should order his Ministers of State to carry out with their own hands the sentence passed on members of the sect of Babis, who had attempted the sovereign's life, is all very shocking; but it is no news to those who have read Oriental history, or have had dealings with a genuine specimen of the native despot. We rather think that Mr. Arnold has not given the correct interpretation of the last incident. If we remember rightly, the official version of the death of the Babi conspirators, somewhere about 1852, was that the Shah made his Ministers cut down the criminals to make quite sure that they

were not implicated in the plot, and to expose them to the same danger as himself. Mr. Arnold says that it was because the relatives of the victim must execute vengeance, and the Ministers were the Shah's relatives.

We have no space for Mr. Arnold's visit to Kurrachee and Bombay, and for an analysis of the remarks which he makes on the failings of Anglo-Indian society, and the balance of good and evil in our government of the country. Probably a larger experience would have modified some rather sweeping remarks. But the general tone of the work is good. The writer performed a difficult journey with resolution and endurance. He has told some things which, if not new, have not been better told by others; he has drawn attention to facts which ought to be known, and cannot be glossed over or explained away; and he has shown that Persia can only be improved by some foreign Power prepared to garrison it with its own forces, and to spend its own revenue in the hopeless task of turning salt deserts into gardens of roses and fields of wheat, and regenerating a people who are past hope.

LIFE OF BISHOP FRAMPTON, NON-JUROR.*

MR. SIMPSON EVANS has contrived an ingenious dilemma for his reviewers. They may, at the risk of being found out, choose to transcribe the whole of the Editor's Preface which he has placed at the head of the memoir of Bishop Frampton. The alternative is to write articles of their own, not nearly so well worth reading, nor giving nearly so good a view of the book and its subject, even should the writers chance to escape the obvious comparison with one "Benjamin Billingsley," minister "of the Chapel of Blakney in the parish of Awre in the forrest of Dean," "who being a wretched pretender to poetry, would sometimes impose on his Auditors a hymn of his own making, tho' both Sternhold and Hopkins were born in the parish of Awre upon which he was a dependent." The few pages of Mr. Evans's introductory notice prepare the reader for finding, in this work of an anonymous biographer, matter of "real value and interest as a document illustrating the history of England in the seventeenth century." The editor has faithfully carried out his purpose of presenting the "manuscript which came into his possession about fifty years ago," exactly as it stands, with all its characteristic faults of spelling, style, and composition; and the result is in most lively contrast with certain modern attempts at biographical representations of the style of two hundred years ago. "Of the genuineness of the biography," as Mr. Evans writes, "there can be no doubt. The book speaks for itself in every page." Some of the incidents related in it are new to English history. The account of the Bishop's two visits to "Jefferys" (so spelt) on his deathbed in the Tower was certainly unknown to Macaulay, and its evident truthfulness as to the chief matter of fact throws for the first time a ray of gentler light on that terrible scene. The short extract which we have already quoted will show that the writer of the memoir was not one to spare an adversary; and it is among the gentlest of the strokes of the lash that he has laid on that particular victim, whose "name should not have blotted these papers had not Mr. Calamy made him a saint for no other end than [sic] to insult the good Bishop, whose character cannot suffer by a more masterly virulent pen." Between the non-juring prelate and his biographer there existed strong similarity of character, as well as sympathy. The younger man was evidently in the closest intercourse with the older, to whom he bears the most devoted, not to say pugnacious, affection; and a more than common curiosity is thus aroused as to the person of the writer. Upon this point, if we venture to doubt the soundness of Mr. Evans's conclusions, it is only for the sake of bringing the question of authorship into the light of discussion:—

That he was not the Bishop's curate or domestic chaplain is clear [the editor thinks] from the passages in which he speaks of his chaplain as present, along with himself, in attendance on the Bishop during his last illness and at his death. Not improbably he was a layman; but it is certain that he wrote this memoir in the reign of George I., as he speaks of Wake as Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop Frampton died in 1708; and the Memoir cannot have been completed before 1716, when Wake became Archbishop. It is not at all likely that its writing was delayed till the later years of Wake's primacy, and Mr. Evans's mention of George I. is thus meant to fix the *terminus à quo* for its date. We think that a very fair case may be made out for the inference that the writer was "the Bishop's domestick curate or chaplain, that continued with him twenty years, that was so long as he lived." This is certainly "the priest that was always with him," who on his deathbed carried out a charge given to him "many years before" by the Bishop. Almost as certainly we can identify the chaplain with "one he entrusted with his greatest secret" (p. 214), words by which the author describes himself in the context of the passage quoted by the Editor in his Preface (p. viii.). It is true that the biographer writes of this "priest" in the third person, while immediately afterwards he says that the Bishop spent his last night in prayer, "as I full well know, by attending his bed all the time he lay on it." But he has also written of "the priest" that "that person had with thanks to God the opportunity of complying with" the Bishop's charge, "tho'

* The Life of Robert Frampton, Bishop of Gloucester, deprived as a Non-Juror, 1689. Edited by T. Simpson Evans, M.A., Vicar of Shoreditch. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

with a true sorrow as for a parting friend, to whom, if he has any ability, he confesses it wholly owing." These words are such as the writer would naturally use in reference to himself, but not of another person; while, as naturally, a non-juring clergyman might be expected to speak of himself, in connexion with the last prayers of the Church for the dying, in his official rather than his personal capacity. Mrs. Frampton had been dead many years; there would seem to have been no children of a marriage which was late on both sides; and the "domestick curate or chaplain" would have been the nearest and closest companion of the aged Bishop's later life, even if no family tie had existed to unite them. But it is at least possible that the Chaplain was a relative of the Bishop. "Twenty years" from 1708 carry us back to the year of the expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen College in the autumn of 1687, and the detailed and spirited narrative of Bishop Frampton's refusal to institute a presentee to the Magdalen living of Slimbridge is almost certainly that of an eye-witness. Mr. Holles, who comes with the "Intruder's" presentation in his pocket, and finds that "the Bishop was walkt out and would soon return," and who endeavours to improve his leisure by a little tampering with his informal "instruments," meets with more than his match in "the Bishop's nephew," who uses some plain language about "forgery" very much in the style of the biographer. "Upon which they had a very warm contest; but Mr. Withers, being a resolute strong man and very zealous for his uncle's honour, stood to his point; and during the contest the Bishop came in, and asked the occasion of the heat he found them in." The rest of the story our readers must learn for themselves; but the possibility that this nephew may have been at the time a candidate for orders at his uncle's hands, and may have lived to be his biographer, seems at least strong enough to suggest a search for the name of "Mr. Withers" in the diocesan records.

The description of the nephew is strikingly characteristic of the uncle; and a resolute courage must have marked the Frampton race. Old Robert Frampton, the West-country farmer, who "thanked God he never found a lye in the mouth of any one child he had," was informed, on the evening after a fight in the Civil War time, "of the death of all his five sons"; "and being in great pain, was then relieved before morning by the account one of his daughters, Sarah, gave him of the number of the slain; she going in the night alone two miles with a lantern, and viewing every dead body in quest of her brothers; and tho' she knew not till the next day where they were, concluded they were not dead." The "resolute strong man" may well have been this lady's son. The future Bishop and Non-juror, born in 1622, was the youngest child of his parents; and from Blandford Free School passed at fifteen to Corpus Christi, Oxford, where "one Mr. Newlin, his tutor, who was afterwards president of that college, so far neglected his pupils that he read but twice to this Robert in three terms." To another of the Corpus tutors much credit for discernment of character in his pupils cannot be ascribed. This was "Mr. Lake, the Moderator," who presided over "the more properly academical exercise of disputation," and who found that the "bright" young scholar, "when any new distinction was brought against him" which he did not understand, always "answer'd by a profound silence." Probably this was the most sensible way to meet "new distinctions" of undergraduate logic; Mr. Lake, however, did not think so, and on one occasion broke out into a "friendly but sharp reproof," which sent "poor Robert to his chamber crying to himself," but which will hardly affect the reader in the same way. "Tu solus semper huc accedis inermis" may indeed suggest a question whether the logic lecturers of the seventeenth century were accustomed to scold, as well as to instruct, in hexameters of the "Barbara Celarent" type; but "inermis" is assuredly the very last word that could be applied, either physically or mentally, to Robert Frampton. The story of his thrashing the "taylor advanced to the degree of an officer and Quarter Master in the Rebell Army," which belongs to a date prior to his ordination, when he was Master of the Free School at Gillingham, is capitally told; and we will not spoil it by describing how the ex-taylor, feeling his dignity compromised by one "beating by a schoolmaster," managed to get three. But the memory of his own success in defeating the "taylor's" crafty scheme for breaking his head "with a pint pot" may have recurred to the chaplain of the English factory at Aleppo, when, in a visit to Constantinople, "he had the opportunity of seeing the person of the Sultan himself, who had a deep scar in his forehead, given by a silver tumbler his father threw in his face" when he was a boy. This paternal chastisement, if severe, had not been altogether unprovoked. "His son, one day laughing in his presence, Mahumed, the father, asked him what he laughed at," to which "the boy answered it was to see what a fool he made of himself."

No portion of a work which is lively and interesting throughout is likely to attract more present attention than the record of Mr. Frampton's Oriental experience and observation. The tears of Corpus had been soon dried by the intervention of "the generous William Pitt, then of Christ Church"—a name on which we should have liked to see an editorial note. Mr. Pitt removed Frampton to Christ Church, "which if his father disliked, he offer'd to bear the whole expense of his education." He graduated B.A. in 1641, but refused the test of the Covenant for the M.A. degree; and in course of time, finding himself at Gillingham, and being there ordained, he improved, *more suo*, "an extraordinary occasion" which chanced to offer itself for the preaching of his "first sermon in the country." "The good Doctor's [Davenant]

age and infirmity hindering him to do his duty that day, and he was not willing to trust his curate before such an Auditory as Scobell, the cler Dom com. (*sic*), and his wife, and many others of that stamp, this task he desir'd Mr. Frampton to undertake." The young preacher had as little respect for the Clerk of the House of Commons as for the military "taylor," and "strangely alarm'd those Puritan ears" with a thoroughgoing discourse on "slandering the footsteps of God's anointed," and "the scandals of the times" generally. His next defiance was on occasion of the "minister at Pimperm refusing to bury his father with the service of the Church," when "he, with a flood of tears, performed the office himself." "Such practices," the biographer adds, "could not long pass without trouble"; and when some years later, in 1655, he was waiting "till the ship was ready" for his voyage to Aleppo, and was "preaching about London," one of his friends expressed the same opinion in a very definite form:—"What, says he, do you intend to do? You'll be preaching about, till you'll be hang'd for an application." How it happened that this pleasant prophecy failed of fulfilment at home or in the East is a standing puzzle to the reader. The indomitable pluck, the ready wit, and the perpetual good humour of the man must have stood him in good stead under circumstances which would have "hang'd" any one else a dozen times. He goes about reclaiming renegade Christians from Mahomedanism—"to withdraw any from which is present death"—as cheerfully as he sets his nephew, a lad of fourteen, to floor the Oxford Professor of Arabic, who considered himself almost perfect in the dialects, with Oriental scholarship picked up "by playing in the street," or as he dances on the top of the Pyramid, in company with a future Secretary of State, to a tune played by "a frier, who pluck'd a small kit out of his sleeve." He finds himself the junior Bishop in the House of Lords when Parliament has just declared the throne vacant; and, "being pressed to read prayers in that manner" (omitting the name of the King), "he declin'd; and, being called upon by name by the Lord Newport to read, he said to him, excusez-moi, the other says, my Lord, do you not hear the request? to which the Bishop reply'd, my Lord, do you not understand french?" Fate was propitious; and "a latter Bishop," more compliant, entered the House just in time "to do that Office." He wins kindly words from James II., and no less from William III. "I always took the Bishop of Gloster for an honest man," William said on the eve of the deprivation; "he preach'd before me when I came over first, and shall never forget his sermon, ('I wish,' the Bishop would say, 'he had the grace to practice it.')" Queen Anne tries to gain him back by the offer of "the see (*sic*) of Hereford." "That which put me out when in will keep me out when out," replies the incorrigible Non-juror. From his earliest Oxford days the Bishop's memory had been admirable. He defended himself for a "misheard" passage in a sermon preached before Charles II., who had given him a deanery, by "drawing his sermon out of his bosom"—it had been preached *memoriter*—"with which the King declared himself satisfy'd"; and when a clergyman justified his mutilation of the "Liturgy" by saying that its length "hinder'd him from praying so long in the pulpit as he would," the Bishop, who had been present, was "apt to believe that if some of your prayer were repeated to you, you would not be so fond of it; and with that repeated a great part of it, and shew'd him the tautology and dissonancy of it."

We had marked many more passages for quotation; but the book is, as children say, "all plums"; and the flavour of the cake is improved by the rough and racy elegance of its vigorous style. The details given of the Bishop's marriage tend to illustrate, and at the same time to refute, Macaulay's well-known sneer. "Mrs. Mary Canning," although "an honorary attendant upon the Countess of Oxford," was not the less an educated "gentlewoman of an ancient house," whose "misfortunes were the straiter" because she would not conform, with "the more fortunate part of her family," to the Church of Rome.

One sentence only in this attractive volume will be read with a feeling of regret. It is that in which the editor explains the present publication of his long unedited MS. "I feel, at well-nigh fourscore years of age, that unless it is done at once, it will not be done at all." Even the vigorous physical and mental powers of "the honest, merry, witty, contented Robert of Gloster" gave way at eighty-six; but at least it will be pleasant in after years to remember, as it would have rejoiced the heart of the subject of this memoir had he been able to anticipate the fact, that the story so long and so singularly buried "in a chest of drawers which had originally belonged to the Bishop" has been given to the light by hands so worthy of the task as those of the like-minded and venerable Vicar of Shoreditch.

RUGBY MODERN GEOGRAPHY.*

THIS thin volume shows how more correct notions of history and its attendant sciences are gradually making their way into the region where they seem to find it hardest to make their way—namely, into our great public schools. Here is a book called *Modern Geography*; a remembrance doubtless of the days when the unlucky schoolboy had to get on how he could with two atlases, the one marked "ancient" and the other

* *The Rugby Modern Geography*. Part I.—The Mediterranean and its Peninsulas. By the Rev. Charles E. Moberly. Rugby: W. Billington. 1876.

"modern." The latter was expected to have the last improvements, the latest changes of frontier; only its makers were always a little puzzled as to those Powers whose dominions lay partly within the German Confederation and partly out of it. How were the Austrian and Prussian dominions to be dotted off and coloured? If there was to be an Austria which took in alike Innsbrück and Hermannstadt, how was the fact to be marked that Innsbrück lay within the German Confederation and Hermannstadt out of it? If there was a Germany marked which took in Innsbrück and not Hermannstadt, how was the fact to be marked that the Count of Tyrol and the Prince of Transylvania were one and the same person? Later arrangements have indeed set us free from this difficulty; but it pressed heavily upon the youthful geographer of any date up to 1866. Then there was the "Ancient Atlas," which seemed meant, not to represent the earth as it stood at any particular moment of history, but rather as it may have been supposed to stand in the eyes of those who thought that all "the ancients" lived at the same time. There was a map of Greece which was supposed equally to represent the Greece of Homer and the Greece of Polybius. There was a map of Italy which was supposed equally to illustrate the landing of Æneas and the invasion of Cæsar. If anybody let his thoughts wander into those intermediate times when the nations of modern Europe grew up, he found no help whatever. Neither the Ancient nor the Modern Atlas would give much light to any one who had chanced to stumble on the strange statements that there was once a Roman Emperor at Constantinople and a Bulgarian Czar at Ochrida. Our Rugby book seems to have got several stages beyond this state; still it has not developed to the full height of Spruner-Menke, or even of Spruner without Menke. Some parts of his work Mr. Moberly has done exceedingly well. He has grasped the geographical aspect of the Mediterranean Sea and its peninsulas with real force. Only it is a little hard on the most eastern of the three, which some call the Byzantine, and some the Balkan, peninsula, to speak of it as the "Turkish peninsula." The whole physical geography, and its connexion with the state, especially the present state, of the different countries, is well understood and well set forth by Mr. Moberly. But we ask instinctively, What is modern geography? Why should the physical aspect of the Mediterranean Sea and its peninsulas be specially coupled with one time more than another? Mr. Moberly sees this himself; only he has an arbitrary chronological division tied round his neck, and he cannot work freely in the direction which he plainly feels to be the right one. Though the book is called *Modern Geography*, he cannot help going back at almost every stage into earlier times. But each of these references has something of the character of an *excursus*; they are all put in smaller types and with stars at the beginning, which perhaps have some technical meaning in the process of teaching. It would have been far better to have cast aside the foolish limitation of "modern geography" altogether, and to have avowedly traced the geographical aspects of the three peninsulas from the purest physical aspect of them onwards. But this would have called for a wider and fuller knowledge of general history than Mr. Moberly seems to have reached. He has clearly taken pains to give a full view of the present state of things; and as an assistant-master at Rugby he is well qualified to give a view of a much earlier state of things. But in the intermediate times he seems less at home, and some of his statements are very strange indeed.

Thus Mr. Moberly has a good grasp of the peculiar characteristics of early Roman history; but when he gets to the days when Rome began really to set her stamp upon all Europe, he begins to be puzzled. Here is his sketch of the history of Rome during the long period when the authority of the Consuls had become nominal, and when the authority of the Bishops had not become more than nominal:—

Under the emperors Rome succeeded, in the most striking way, in impressing her language, law, and manners on the nations of western Europe; a process which went on with redoubled strength after the division of the empire between the East and West; whence came, as already remarked, the adhesion of Italy to the Popes. After being repeatedly the prey of barbarian invaders, Rome owed her final liberation from them to Pepin, the father of Charlemagne: in reward for which he was crowned as Emperor at Rome (756), and was considered, in a somewhat indefinite way, to have transmitted to his successors the rights of the ancient empire. The administration of Rome, however, remained in the Pope's hands; subject to the various checks imposed upon him either by popular and baronial turbulence, or by the revival of republican power under podestats elected, as at Florence, from abroad—or again by enthusiastic leaders like Arnold of Brescia (1155) or Rienzi (1347) who held that the Church could have no right to temporal rule. When these checks died out, the government became purely ecclesiastical, and continued so till our own time.

This coronation of Pippin in 756 is certainly one of the most singular discoveries that we have been treated to for a long time; but it ceases to be a matter for laughter when we find it in a book designed for the teaching of a great school like Rugby. We need not say that we heartily sympathize with Mr. Moberly in his rejoicings over the recovery of Rome by Italy; but it is rather grotesque when he tells us:—

Accordingly, on the day just named, a breach was made in the eastern face of the walls near the Porta Pia, and after a siege of two hours Rome surrendered, the keystone being thus dropped into the stately arch of Italian nationality.

Metaphors are always a little dangerous, but it is specially dangerous to mix up plain and metaphorical language in the same sentence. In recording the physical history of a wall, it might be allowable to bring in a metaphor from the height above or from the depth beneath; but it is dangerous in such a case to bring in meta-

phors about arches and keystones, things which have a physical connexion with walls. An ingenious lad might argue that, as the breach in the wall was doubtless filled up in some way, the way in which it was filled up was by dropping the keystone into the stately arch of Italian nationality.

So again the changes which the Two Sicilies underwent in the early part of the eighteenth century are oddly described by Mr. Moberly:—

When in 1701 Louis XIV. seated his grandson on the Spanish throne, an attempt was made by the House of Austria to keep Naples at least from falling into French hands. In 1735, however, the Spanish Bourbons reconquered it with the help of France, and established it as a separate monarchy under Charles III., a prince of their own house. His dynasty showed extraordinary incapacity for government, and brought the country to the last depth of degradation; yet was actually restored in 1814 by the great powers deposing Joachim Murat, Napoleon's brother-in-law, whom he had raised to the throne of Naples.

No one would understand that the "attempt" was so far successful that a state of things came about in which an Emperor reigned over one Sicily and the Duke of Savoy over the other, and that that was followed by another state of things in which an Emperor ruled over both. So again, Mr. Moberly says that Ravenna was "for many years the last possession of the Greek Emperors on Italian soil." He presently adds a paragraph which exhibits both his best and his worst manner:—

It is not too much to say that, had Italy been otherwise arranged than it is, the history of the world must have been fundamentally altered. As it was, the early energies of Rome, from her westward out-look, were directed against the warlike nations in this direction, particularly Spain, before she was called upon to contend with the successors of Alexander; and she easily triumphed over the latter with the help which she derived from the former. Could the process have been reversed? Again, when Constantine founded his new Rome at Constantinople, it became constantly more and more difficult for the eastern emperors to hold the state which thus turned away from them and towards the west. Thus their dominion gradually shrank to the exarchate of Ravenna; and Italy gathered itself, as a nationality, round the fresh and vigorous power of the popes; with consequences, religious and political, which have lasted till our day, and, probably, will never cease.

The beginning of this paragraph shows a keen appreciation of the geographical conditions of history; though even here it must be remembered that Spanish and Macedonian wars were going on at the same time, and that the establishment of the Roman power even in the nearer parts of Transalpine Gaul did not happen till after the conquest of Macedonia. The common point between the western and the eastern conquests of Rome is supplied by Carthage, which, like the Spanish Arabs who ages after succeeded to so large a part of her dominions, may pass for an Eastern state planted on Western soil. But it is a pity that a really good idea should be mixed up with this strange notion that Ravenna was the last point in Italy held by Emperors who reigned at Constantinople. To the history of Southern Italy and to the long-abiding dominion of the Eastern Emperors in those regions, spreading over three hundred years from the loss of Ravenna, Mr. Moberly's only reference is a statement that

Naples was forced into an alliance with Rome shortly before the second Samnite war; and its political history was thenceforward, as Dr. Arnold has remarked, an absolute blank until it became the seat of a dukedom mostly subject to the Emperor at Constantinople, and afterwards (1053) to some bands of Norman mercenaries under Tancred and Robert Guiscard.

Even when he comes to quite modern events, Mr. Moberly is hardly satisfactory in narrating them. Thus we read:—

So rapidly have events passed, that it is strange to think that up to 1859 Milan belonged to the Austrians, whose dominions then extended to the eastern shore of Lago Maggiore. Lombardy was in that year surrendered by the Emperor of Austria to Louis Napoleon, in consequence of the battles of Magenta and Solferino; it being specified in the articles of the Peace of Villafranca, which ended the war, that he should at once transfer it to the King of Sardinia; who thereupon assumed the title of "King of Italy."

This is a hasty way of telling the story. The cession of Lombardy happened in 1859; the union of Tuscany, the Sicilies, and the smaller States, happened in the course of 1860; the title of King of Italy was voted only in the beginning of 1861. No doubt all these events followed closely on one another, and each led almost necessarily to those which followed it; but Mr. Moberly's way of telling the story would imply that Victor Emmanuel took the title of King of Italy more than a year sooner than he did.

It is necessary to point out these things, because minute accuracy on such points is specially needed in a book for schools. We know perfectly well that it is a very hard thing indeed to preserve minute accuracy among a vast mass of names, dates, and shifting boundaries; but boys should, if possible, never be set to learn anything which they will have afterwards to unlearn. And, above all things, they should not be so taught the broad facts of history that they will afterwards have to unlearn them. Mr. Moberly's Imperial coronation of Pippin, his notions about Ravenna, the way in which he talks about Italian nationality gathering round the Popes, are all likely to mislead the Rugby boys in such a way that it will be hard afterwards to set them right. And it is more needful to point these things out, because it is plain that Mr. Moberly could have done better if he had taken more pains. That proverbial phrase is by no means a matter of course. There are many people who could not do better if they took any amount of pains. Mr. Moberly is not at all of this class. Circumstances have made him look carefully at two ends of a story and neglect the middle. That so it should be points to a great defect in our public school teaching; and Mr. Moberly shows that he is quite able to fill up the gap if he really gives his mind to it.

HOMERIC TRANSFORMATIONS.*

A STRANGE fancy continues to possess competent scholars here and there that they can present Homer in English more acceptably in the heretical hexameter than in any of the familiar native metres. Mr. Cayley has long been known among scholars as the coming champion of the quantitative sect of hexametrists, as distinguished from those who go chiefly upon accent, and the reading public is now in possession of his so-called "homometric translation"—a cunning synonym, we suspect, to take in those railers and revilers to whom the undisguised hexameter seems as a red rag. The twenty-four books are translated with exemplary perseverance into like lengths of line with the blind bard's original, without note, comment, or preface, unless indeed we may dignify with the name that which immediately follows a dedication to Mr. Gladstone, from which those who want to know what "homometric" really means may, if they wish it, gratify their curiosity without going deeper into Mr. Cayley's volume. His so-called preface runs thus:—

Dons, undergraduates, essayists, and public, I ask you,
Are these hexameters true-timed, or klopstockish uproar,
Like "Wie's den tausendmal Tausend der Toten Gottes einst seyn wird,"
Or like "that wonderful land at the base of the Ozark mountains"
Where "they found Andromeden and Perseu, fairest of mortals"?
Such measure I'd never heard! sooner blank-verse chloroform me,
See-saw me couplets, gape for me sooner immense Earth!

But as to the ridicule cast upon rival theories of the hexameter in these grotesque and unpronounceable lines, not all our appreciation of Mr. Cayley's poetical talents, love of Homer, and long study of assimilation of ancient with modern metres will allow us to see a pin to choose between the faulty samples and those of the fault-finder. The concluding lines of the passage quoted require three or four different experiments in recitation before it becomes clear how they are meant to be read; and it may be taken as certain that, while such is the case with modern hexameters, the heroic couplet, the Spenserian stanza, the blank verse, the balladic metre, nay, even the Ossianic prose-poetry, will be preferable in English ears.

We do not mean to say that, when we launch in earnest upon Mr. Cayley's homometrical sea, we can deny him occasional success in his imitations of the Greek metre. For illustration of this, as well as of what seem to be his faults, a few notes on his First Book will perhaps suffice, to which we may add a sample or two of passages from later books. Take, first of all, Chryseas's prayer to Apollo (i. 37-42):—

Argent bow's bender, that Chryse mightily guardest,
Great lord through Tenedos, through Killa's bounds hallow'd-holy,
Hear me, if I've garnished thy beautiful halidom, hear me
If once by me upon thine altar smoke hath ascended
From fat of herds or goats—this alone vouchsafe that I ask thee:
Let Danaans my tearshed atone, thine archery tasting.

It may be admitted that four out of six of these lines read smoothly and pleasantly enough. But this is not, we suspect, from anything inherent in their metre; but rather from a perhaps studied alliterative trick in verse 3, "*Hear me—halidom—hear me*"; and in verse 6, "*Tearshed atone—archery tasting*." Alkin to this is the smooth-running line (i. 18):—

ἴμιν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες.

May the divine denizens of Olympus not disappoint you;

but here, and in other happy single lines, the merit resides rather in the translator's ear and sense of melody than in the form of his metre. In these that follow, for instance, about Nestor's speech, Thetis's emerging from the wave, and the rising of the dawn—

- (1) Whose mouth of parlance honeysweet was a fountain abateless.
- (2) Like as a mist riseth, she rose rapid out of the white surf.
- (3) But when morn reappear'd rose-fingered, out of the dew-rise—

will any one say that Mr. Cayley has not baited the lines with attractions to smooth over the foreign metre? Oftentimes, however, he has to resort to less pleasant devices to make his hexameter run commensurately. Surely an indignity is done to the spirit of Epic in the contractions of such lines as these:—

'Twas Jove's and Leto's offspring, wif' the King when offended.—V. 9.
Ninefull days the divine arrows hail'd i' the midst o' the wide camp.—V. 53.
And it tells a tale of Procrustean devices when a translator has to stretch verse 31,

εἴπερ γὰρ τε χόλον γε καὶ αὐτῆμαρ καταπέψῃ,

into
E'en if he swallow down his wrath for a while, or appear to.

It must be added that the attempt to render the Homeric lines homometrically often leads to queer results, and that too where it is essential that original proverbs should stand out distinct in the translation, as in a speech of Achilles to Agamemnon, where ὀλίγον τε φίλον τε is introduced (i. 165-9):—

Nay, but pre-eminently my hands upbear the direction
Of surfeited contest, but if e'er we come to the parting
Of plunder, thou'st more by a deal, and I to the navy
With little and glad of it come back, with combating outspent.

Surely the exigencies of space make sorry stuff of what is here edged in by hook or crook; and, though we cheerfully own Mr.

* *The Iliad of Homer*. Homometrically translated, by C. B. Cayley, Translator of Dante's Comedy. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.
The Odyssey of Homer, rendered into Blank Verse. By Mordaunt Bernard, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate. 1876.

Cayley's frequent grace of epithets, it may be doubted whether Chryseas would have recognized herself under the designation of "the lass well-belted" (εὐζώνου γυναικός).

Mr. Cayley is on his mettle where, in Book II. 87 seq., he handles Homer's first simile; and it is doubtless a creditable specimen of his performance:—

As from a rock's hollowness when crowded bees are emerging,
People above people, stream over stream, still ascending,—
On the spring meadow-lands and moors they light in a cluster,
And hither and yonder swarm off to the flowery foison:
So thronged here, issuing from tents and barks many nations,
Mustering in squadrons, all pouring in haste to the folk-mote
Over against seashore deep-sanded—Rumor among them,
Jove's delegate, roaring flame-like and marshalling onward.

No one will complain of the archaic words which we have italicized, and to which the hexametrists are freely welcome, no man forbidding. We are not sure, however, that it is wise to introduce them too often, especially the more obscure and unfamiliar words of the kind. Every one knows what "to the folk-mote" means as English for ἀγορή; but the reader of Homer for pleasure will resent the repetition of the verb "to inarm" both where, in II. a 400, Thetis is bidden "Jove's knees be inarming," and, in II. β 19, "Balm-breathing sleep was inarming" Agamemnon's body; and still more perhaps the rare and obscure use of "dareyning," in II. β 40, where διὰ κρατερὸς ὑσμίνης is rendered "the battle so deadly dareyning." There should be moderation in these licenses; and it were well if translators would remember that the secret of the steadfast popularity of Lord Derby's version of the Iliad is its evenly good and current language. It is strange also that a poet who adopts "dareyning," "inarming," and such like antique words, should be found within a page or two using such modern phrases as "suave language" (v. 180). As little to be commended is the frequency of the epithet "superb" for the sea and for Aphrodite, though it may not be inapt for δία in strictness. Some of these epithets occur unbidden as well as when the Greek invites them. Very often, however, our homometrist's epithets are well chosen and sonorously compounded; for instance, there is no fault to find in his rendering of Helen's slurring stigma on herself, in the verse

δαῖρ' αὖτ' ἐμὸς ἔσκε κυνώπιδος, εἴ ποτ' ἔην γε.

And of me brass-brow'd, when I had that place, was a kinsman—

any more than in his translation of the qualifying clause. Yet one would like to know by what process *διέπας αἰολοπλόους* became in Mr. Cayley's version "sight-wildering horsemen." It can be only so in a very remote sense, in so far as rapidity may bewilder.

In many fine test-passages, such as the duel of Paris and Menelaus, in the Third Book; the subsequent meeting between Paris and Helen, in the same; the parting of Hector and Andromache, in the Sixth; the last speech of the widowed Andromache, in the Twenty-third; and others past counting, it will be found that the translator preserves for the most part a due respect for the greatness of his task, and would fain wield his chosen—in our opinion mistakenly chosen—instrument to the honour and glory of the great original. Somehow, however, the snare of his metre is its liability to lack of dignity. Much of the famous passage where Hector takes off his helmet as he handles his scared child, and as to which Pope and Dryden forestall all future attempts at grandeur, is very fair, as witness the following lines (II. VI. 457-76, English version):—

So much having spoken, to the child reached Hector his arm out,
But below its father's aspect it shrank back affrighted,
Crying on its nurse's bosom, to behold such a waving
Of plumes on topmost morion, such blazing of armour,
And the superb Hector from his head took forthwith his helmet,
And as soon as on earth he'd placed it, glinting on all sides,
Then took he him in his arms, and danced him awhile and kissed him,
Then spoke imploring Kronides and all the supernals:
"Jove, and all powers, vouchsafe that nobly renowned
May my son be, as I myself, i' the midst of the Trojans,
And brave and good-at-arms, and in Troy mightily ruling.
And when he is coming home from war, oftentimes let a witness
Say that he excels me by a deal: let him eke from a rival
Bring back spoils all gory, rejoicing her heart who bare him."
So said he, and in her arms replaced their dearly-beloved one,
Whom within her bosom's hollowness so balmy she harbour'd,
Smiling a teary smile: thereat pity sank on Hector,
Who, caressing with his hand, bespoke, and made her an answer.

But even here, though one tries hard to read oneself into a belief that to gird at hexameters is a prejudice, the self-denying ordinance collapses at the "superb Hector's" rather commonplace hope that of his young Astyanax some one may hereafter "say that he excels me by a deal" (παρὸς γ' ὅδε πολλὸν ἀμείνων, 479), where the rendering of πολλὸν is almost slang. We have our doubts as to a teary smile also, and to the fitness of a bosom's hollowness, in reference to a mother of heroes.

Our last quotation shall be that passage from the close of the Eighth Book which represents the Trojans as masters of the field, and the camp fires in front of Troy like stars illumining the night. It will be remembered by Mr. Tennyson's specimen version. Let us see Mr. Cayley's:—

Thus they with dapper hearts, i' the lanes o' the combat assembled,
All night were seated, many watch-fires blazing among them:
And as heaven sheweth when stars all around the refulgent
Moon are array'd beaming, when stirs not a wind below ether—
Hill-tops and outlines o' the woods, and sea-jutting headlands
Stand clear, and from above the skies breaks infinite heaven in;
All stars are manifest, each neatherd inly rejoices:

Thus by so many fires the front of Troy was illumined
From the rippled Xanthus right up to the ships of Achæia.
O'er the plain full a thousand burn'd, and, fifty by each one,
Were sitting arm'd warriors, and firelight glancing against them,
While their steeds fast-ned to the oars, and greedily tearing
Their oats and pale barley, superb-throned Morning awaited.

With the exception of the epithet "dapper" applied to "hearts" as a few lines earlier it had been to "herds," and with a protest against steeds "tearing" oats and barley when it is open to them to "champ" them, we should say that this passage was a good sample of Mr. Cayley at his best.

We must now take a brief glance at Mr. Mordaunt Barnard's version of the *Odyssey*. This is in blank verse, of an unambitious aim, and yet, for all the modest tenor of his preface, the work of a scholar. As a rule, English versions of the *Odyssey* have not been so good or popular as those of the *Iliad*, though this is hard to understand, considering the picturesque and fairylike fascinations of the theme. If Mr. Barnard cannot rank with Mr. Worsley, the prematurely lost translator of the *Odyssey* and part of the *Iliad* into Spenserian stanzas, he has at all events a claim to a place near a somewhat coeval blank-verse renderer, Musgrave. The following prophecy of the sea-god Proteus to Menelaus as to his future state, with a glimpse at the isles of the blest over the western ocean, shows both accuracy and neatness:—

'Tis not, O Menelaus, sprung from Jove,
Thy fate in Argos, famed for steeds to die,
But to the Elysian fields, earth's furthest bound,
The gods will send thee. Rhadamanthus there
Abides, and there the easiest life for men.
No winter, snow, nor too much rain is there;
But ocean sends the gently-breathing gales
Of zephyr ever to refresh mankind;
For Helen's spouse, Jove's son-in-law, thou art.—Od. iv. 561-9.

In the Fifth Book also (vv. 59-74) he is nearly as satisfactory in representing Homer's account of Calypso's cave, as seen by Hermes:—

A fire was burning on the hearth; the scent
Of the cleft cedar and the sandal wood
Was fragrant through the island as they blazed,
She singing with her lovely voice the while,
A golden shuttle plied and wove a web.
A grove grew flourishing around the cave,
The alder, poplar, and the cypress sweet.
Birds with their long-stretched necks were nestling there—
Owls, hawks, and cormorants with chattering tongues;
Sea-birds that have their work upon the waves,
A vine extended o'er the hollow cave,
Of vigorous growth, luxuriant with grapes.
Four fountains pour'd their limpid water forth,
Each to the other turning with its stream.
With violets and parsley bloomed the meads
Around; and even an immortal god
Who came would look with pleasure at the sight.

In this mostly even and correct translation we have italicized as dubious Mr. Barnard's rendering of *ταυροειρεσι*, "with long-stretched necks," in v. 67. Mr. Worsley is nearer the mark in translating "long-winged"; and we suspect that both translators have shirked the exact equivalent for *ἀλλυδὶς ἀλλυ*, in v. 71. It is not the same thing to say "each to the other turning," and (which is the literal version) "one this way and one that," or "one one way, another another." Mr. Worsley hedges close enough perhaps in his "streaming four ways." When in a later part of the book, 452-3, Mr. Barnard turns

τὸν δ' ἐξάωσεν
ἐς ποταμὸν προχέας·

And saved him at the outlet of the stream,
he misapprehends the force of the preposition and of the river-god's act. Mr. Worsley correctly renders—

Nor made delay
Into the river's outflow him to save.

But, on the whole, Mr. Barnard's translation may be relied upon as faithful and readable; whilst, as regards the homometrical *Iliad* of Mr. Cayley, it is very doubtful whether English readers will be agreed on its title to the latter epithet, although to adequate fidelity it adds some pretensions to decided genius.

THE PARVENU FAMILY.*

NOVELS make but a poor vehicle of satire. If fiction is to succeed at all, its readers must be interested in the characters, and ought to be able to have some sort of liking for at least one or two of them. A story in which every one is base, and in which all the interest lies in the minute analysis of the infinitely little, is more likely to annoy and weary than to please. Now *The Parvenu Family* is a satirical novel of this sort; a novel in which the reader finds absolutely no one to respect or to like; for the only character who is not base or stupid so far forgets himself as to marry the very silly and depressing heroine. Even the analysis of the fickleness of weak and selfish natures, though often acute, is not consistently so; while the account of the struggles of the *Parvenu Family* to "know nice people" and "get on" is still more wearying in the iteration of coarse folly and dreary meanness. Perhaps Mr. Fitzgerald has a sincere desire to rebuke the ambition of the vulgar who wish to associate with the great; and

no doubt he consciously tries to make the people of his tale as base as possible; but it is not easy to suppose that the result can give pleasure to any human being.

The Parvenu Family is in one respect the most audacious book we have ever met with. It really looks as if the author had never read it through, from beginning to end, before giving it to the public. It is comparatively a small matter that the characters are inconsistent with themselves. People in real life are inconsistent; and it may be argued that a novel should hold the mirror up to nature. But then it must be remembered that life is a large field, while a novel, even in three volumes, is a small one; and that the inconsistencies of actual conduct are put out of focus and grossly caricatured in the photograph of a carelessly ordered story. Besides, Mr. Fitzgerald's people act more at variance with themselves than the license even of fiction permits. Thus "a lady of condition and fashion," and of "eminently practical mind," has a daughter who is "singularly matter of fact"; and who shows this quality by falling in love with an ill-bred young *fat*, marrying him, though he has to be compelled by physical terrorism to accept her, and, lastly, by insisting on having carriages, men servants, and so on, though her husband is literally a pauper. The mother, the lady of condition, is a scold, and forces on the marriage, though she is well aware that the father of the bridegroom is opposed to it, and that, without his assistance, the young man is penniless. The daughter, who is supposed to be madly in love with her weak-minded husband, always allows her mother and brother to torment and speak ill of him; and, after this has lasted for two volumes, the author calmly says, "There was a time when she would have done battle like a little bantam for her husband." But all this is a trifle compared to the carelessness of style which makes *The Parvenu Family* almost as hard reading as if it were composed in a strange and unknown language. For example, we are told, with a reference to a plaster cast in a girls' school, that "the Goddess was regarded with particular veneration by Government, as the ground of influencing, even by material objects, the taste of the pupils—a grand principle in Miss Cooke's curriculum." What Government can have had to do with a Minerva in plaster, and how the Minerva could be the ground of influencing pupils' tastes by material objects, it is hard even to guess. Again, there is extraordinary carelessness in writing like this—"Her peculiarities were often a fertile source of inspiration, and Phoebe's powers of delineation had a rooted dislike to her." This is quite hopeless, and this is only a specimen of the style which is enigmatic in the first volume, but clear enough in the second and third. Anything but clear are the passages in which the willing husband of the young lady who was eminently *matter of fact* is called Henry (in p. 87), Francis (p. 136), Alfred (p. 197), and finally and for good, Francis (p. 242). It is less than common courtesy requires to perplex an easily-contented public with such a style, and such casual nomenclature.

The story of *The Parvenu Family* hinges on the rivalry between two girls, Phoebe Dawson, the daughter of the lady of condition and fashion, and Adelaide Cross, who has been left at school, with unpaid bills, on the death of her father. There is a great deal about the school kept by the Misses Cooke. "As the 'Newly-Rich' would put their sons in the Guards, not with a view of serving their country, but for the purpose of contracting intimacies with young men of rank and fashion, so were they equally zealous to receive admission into the household brigade commanded by the Misses Cooke, where opportunities of the same favourable kind were open to the young ladies." Taken according to such grammar as it possesses, this sentence means that the "Newly-Rich" were anxious to become pupils at the seminary of Miss Cooke, that they might there meet young men of rank and fashion. After a little experience in Mr. Fitzgerald's style, any reader with a smattering of philology, or with a natural genius for the mastery of new tongues, will gather that rich people did not go themselves to the school, but sent their daughters thither, not that they themselves might contract intimacies with young men of rank and fashion, but that the daughters might make friends with girls of good family. Among all the girls Phoebe Dawson was the most daring, good-tempered, and volatile. It was she who mutilated Minerva, as the wild Athenians mutilated the *Hermes*, and who was generally beloved by her companions, and easily forgiven by the schoolmistress. Adelaide Cross, being the daughter of a Canon, was left without sixpence, was employed as a kind of pupil teacher by the Misses Cooke, whom she therefore hated, was hard and reticent, had a "yellow smile," and was always intriguing. As some readers might see in the Misses Cooke, the Misses Pinkerton of *Vanity Fair*, in Adelaide, Becky Sharpe, and in Phoebe, a rowdy Emmie Sedley, the author guards against this invidious criticism. "It will be thought that all this belongs to a vulgar order of artifice, to the transparent shifts of some revived Rebecca Sharpe; but this would be a mistake." The *differentia* of Adelaide was her own belief that she had principle; but though this hypocrisy, which almost takes in the hypocrite, is cleverly treated, we cannot think that Becky need fear competition with Adelaide, or that the new character is much less transparent than the familiar imperishable masterpiece of Thackeray.

Adelaide had a secret lover, a wretched creature named Alfred, Henry, or Francis Pringle. She did not care for him, and only encouraged his clandestine visits as an off chance of escaping from school. Phoebe discovered the intrigue, and, while trying to help Adelaide without her knowledge, fell in love with and captivated the weakling. The affair was discovered, all parties behaved as

* *The Parvenu Family*. By Percy Fitzgerald. London: R. Bentley & Son. 1876.

badly as possible, Adelaide got the chief share of the disgrace, and revenged herself by creating a scandal which utterly ruined the school. The whole story might have ended here, had it not been for a very singular peer, Lord Garterley, who thought it would amuse him to ask Pringle, with his father, an elderly buffoon and land-agent, his mother, and two silly sisters, always spoken of as "the ponies," to be his guests. Old Sam Pringle was a person who would not have been tolerated in the parlour of a pot-house, where the company are supposed not to be peculiarly fastidious as to the quality of humour. Such as he was, his grimaces amused Lord Garterley, who also summoned round him other toadies, including Mrs. Dawson and Phoebe. In the social menagerie young Pringle and the girl flirted and betrothed themselves, when, all on a sudden, "old Sam" was found to have "come in for a splendid fortune." Mrs. Dawson, who had opposed the love affair, was now delighted; but Sam refused "to hear a word about the foolish philanderings" of his son, who could now "have his pick of the peerage, if he did not behave like a fool." The worthy father called Phoebe "a poor little shop-girl," and the pained reader for once agrees with "old Sam."

The Pringles soon found that it was not very easy to have their pick of the peerage. Lord Garterley introduced them to a Lady Julia Backwoods, who was accustomed to be the sponsor of such rich persons as desired to be fashionable. The picture of the struggles of "the baited and harried family" is clever enough, though it can scarcely be called fresh or novel. Regardless of expense, the Pringles gave a ball, and scarcely knew one of their own guests, except Phoebe, who was horrified to find her Henry, Alfred, or Francis, dancing with a female member of the peerage. Next day Mrs. Dawson hurried to encounter Mrs. Pringle, who happened to possess a letter in which the lady of fashion and condition refused to allow her daughter to marry the man of many names, and poor Mrs. Dawson had now but one resource. She sent her son Tom, a kind of amateur leg, to bully Pringle, and as that youth was already tired of the pick of the peerage, he let himself be half led, half frightened, back to the poor little shop-girl. From the moment of his marriage his life was made as wretched as his folly deserved, or even more so. Phoebe suddenly turned from a poor child into a distracting idiot. Though she knew that Pringle had married entirely on the chance of being forgiven by his father, and though "old Sam" had proved relentless, she refused to live in "a very nice little house in Chapel Street, a great bargain, only a hundred a year." "Not one of those little squeezed things, I couldn't breathe in them. No, no, I must have large rooms!" cried Phoebe. The climax of this conduct is reached when there is an execution in the house, and Phoebe expends what money she has in a dress for a fancy-ball. The unhappy Pringle refuses to let her enter the house on her return, and she finds a protector in a Mr. Brookfield, who, pitying her innocence, takes her to her mother. The lady of fashion at once tells her daughter, "I believe he's taken a fancy to you. There's no harm in it, I'm sure." Phoebe needed no such encouragement to make her say in her light way, "I do declare I believe he is quite in love with me."

The society of the junior and disinherited Pringles is not very agreeable, but there is little relief to be had in that of their prosperous parents. "Old Sam" and "the ponies" are taken to Homburg by Lady Julia Backwoods, and frisk about there in the endeavour to "get to know nice people." The "nice people" of the story are not one whit more polished than the Parvenus, who at least are anxious to please, whereas the persons of good-breeding display it by rude and boisterous behaviour. At Homburg the Pringles meet and "take up" a certain Miss Adelaide Lacroix, who of course is Adelaide Cross in the disguise of a new name. After doing a good deal of mischief, and causing one horsewhipping and one duel, the crafty Adelaide goes home with the Pringles, and helps them to break the social ice in the country. So well does she succeed that, in spite of snubs, their house is filled with peers like Lord Garterley and tuft-hunters like the author's favourite, and really creditable, snob, Pratt Hawkins. To this society Brookfield, the champion of Phoebe, adds himself—though it is hard to see how he reconciled himself to his company—and soon finds out that Adelaide is intriguing to keep the disinherited girl at a distance. As the new Becky Sharpe falls in love with Brookfield, he manages to make her have young Pringle recalled; but, suspecting the state of things between Brookfield and Phoebe, she naturally hates the latter with redoubled hatred. Young Pringle flirts with Adelaide, and Phoebe is left in pitiable loneliness and misery. Her position is described with a great deal of feeling and skill; but she is constantly doing some outrageous piece of folly which makes sympathy with her but short-lived. Her last feat is to go uninvited, with her bully and brother Tom, to a fancy-ball at the Pringles, where she detects her husband in the act of proposing to elope with Adelaide. The wretched Pringle has a quarrel with Tom, who horsewhips him, and, in some ways, the punishment is deserved. But all the characters are so mean that, unless they all turned flagellants and beat each other in turn, we fail to see how they could have got their deserts. A hasty conclusion is effected by the accidental death of young Pringle and the discovery that the Pringles are not, after all, the real heirs of the property they have squandered. Brookfield marries Phoebe, and we need wish no one a worse fate.

It is impossible to deny the cleverness which appears every here and there in the imbroglia of *The Parvenu Family*; but it is equally impossible to praise a work in which there is nothing to give pleasure, and on which the author has not thought it worth

while to bestow anything like sufficient care. The characters and plot, if softened and abridged, might have made a subordinate interest in a novel of higher character; but they do not at all deserve to have a book to themselves.

LIFE OF LORD SHELburne.*

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE'S third volume opens with the meeting of Parliament on the 31st of October, 1776, three months after the American Declaration of Independence, when the King's speech was attacked by the Opposition in both Houses. Lord Shelburne, who took it clause by clause, denounced it as "a piece of metaphysical refinement, framed with a design to impose," and in the course of his speech ridiculed the reliance which Ministers placed on the pacific intentions of France—a country which he had recently visited, and where he had seen military preparations notorious to every one but the English Ambassador in Paris. The Opposition contended in vain against the Ministerial majorities, and the Rockingham Whigs, after the rejection of a motion of Lord John Cavendish's, broke their agreement with Grafton, and ceased to attend the House of Commons. Lord Shelburne, however, refused to follow this course, and with Dunning's support did good service in opposing the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in the Colonies. Lord Shelburne also strongly opposed

the payment of the arrears of the Civil List, for which the King was again applying, condemning the extravagance of the Court, the careless manner in which it appeared from the papers laid before the House that the accounts were kept, and the unconstitutional character of the doctrine advanced by the King's friends, that he had an absolute right, independent of Parliament, to the Civil List, and that consequently Parliament had no right to interfere with the application and expenditure of it.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, in treating of this matter, gives an interesting account of the position taken from time to time in regard to the Civil List, and notes that the extreme view taken by the Whig peers in 1776 has never been enforced. Lord Shelburne at the end of his speech applied a familiar illustration to the American question, and by the line he took exasperated both the Whigs and the King, who used to call him Malagrida and the Jesuit of Berkeley Square. So notorious was this, that a man who presented to the Lord Mayor a forged list of people determined to assassinate the King headed it with the names of Shelburne and Sawbridge; and even after the forgery had been exposed, Lord Suffolk, Secretary of State, declared the story to be "worthy of attention, plausible, and full of every appearance of truth."

Just when the "fortunes of the Opposition were at their lowest ebb, it became known that Chatham was once more about to appear upon the scene." On May 30th he moved an address to the Crown, which Lord Shelburne supported, to put a stop to hostilities in America; and of Lord Shelburne's speech the younger Pitt said that it was "one of the most interesting and forcible that he had ever heard or could even imagine." Chatham's motion, however, was easily defeated, and the Ministry was unduly elated by the successes of Brandywine and Germantown and the capture of Philadelphia. It was hoped that Burgoyne's expedition would strike a final blow at the rebellion; and the news of its disastrous failure was not definitely known when Parliament met on the 18th November, 1777. Lord Sandwich spoke with a confidence to which Lord Shelburne adverted in terms of sorrowful sarcasm; and on the 3rd of December Barré called upon Lord George Germaine "to declare upon his honour what was become of General Burgoyne and his troops." When the fatal news was known, subscriptions were raised in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, and in Scotland to enlist troops, and the judges supported Mansfield in denying that this raising of troops without Parliamentary sanction was unconstitutional. The Whigs protested against this, and Lord Shelburne, comparing the lawyers in England to the priests in France, called them, with great injustice to Cervantes's hero, "State Quixotes" who, "from motives of vanity and hopes of aggrandizement, indulged themselves with mad schemes," bringing to their country ruin, from which they sought refuge in their own courts. On the 17th of February Lord North, alive to the gravity of the situation, introduced two Bills, one of which abandoned the right to impose any tax except for the regulation of trade upon the American Colonies, while the other enabled the King to appoint Commissioners to treat with Congress as a legal and representative body. The Commissioners were not to insist on the Americans renouncing independence until the treaty was finally ratified by the King and Parliament. "The speech in which North announced his concessions was received with a 'dull melancholy silence,'" and it was soon known that a treaty had been signed between the Court of France and the American Colonies. A general demand arose that Chatham should leave his retirement, and place himself at the head of affairs—a demand to which Bute and Mansfield gave their adherence, while Richmond, though he believed separation from the revolted colonies to be inevitable, said that, if Lord Chatham took a different view, he would be the first to support him. Richmond's example, however, was not followed by others of the Rockingham party. On the 5th of March the American Conciliatory Bills came on for debate in the House of Lords. Richmond declared himself ready to consent to trying a treaty with America. Lord Shelburne hoped he

* *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquess of Lansdowne; with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence.* By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vol. III. 1776-1805. London: Macmillan & Co 1876.

might never have to consent to American Independence. If that were agreed to, he said, "the sun of Great Britain is set, and we shall no longer be a powerful or respectable people." Soon after the debate Lord North expressed to the King his wish to resign, and urged that Chatham should be sent for. On receiving the King's reply he sent Mr. Eden to open negotiations, which proved unsuccessful, with Lord Shelburne, who said that if any arrangement were to be made with the Opposition, Chatham must be the dictator, and whose propositions were unpleasing alike to Rockingham and to the King, who, writing to North, described him as "that perfidious man." Another attempt was made towards an arrangement, and Lord Shelburne went to see Chatham, who, however, declined to act on any terms except those he had stated:—

Whether Chatham, had he succeeded to power, would have been able to preserve the connection between England and her colonies is a question on which the most opposite opinions have been given. There is a natural tendency to argue from the actual result of the war, and to suppose that because England failed in the struggle, the struggle itself could not possibly have had any other result. It has also been said that Chatham himself had never indicated that he had a plan on the subject, and it has been assumed that he therefore had none. It is not however the duty of those who are likely to be called to fill responsible offices under the Crown, to indicate beforehand the details of the means which they think necessary to accomplish the ends they have in view. Chatham had himself declared that it was impossible to conquer America, and from the conversation between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Eden, it would appear that his idea was to withdraw the English troops from all the continent of America except a few strongly fortified and easily held positions on the coast, and then to concentrate all the naval and military resources of his country on the struggle with France. He would have repealed at one stroke all the vexatious legislation which had estranged England from her colonies, and he would then have trusted to those common ties of race, religion, and language on which Shelburne had insisted, to make it possible to come to terms. The chief difficulty would probably have arisen with reference to commercial legislation.

Less than a month after this attempted arrangement came the scene when Chatham "for the last time came to utter the words of confidence and patriotism, and died in the attempt." He spoke, Lord Camden said, unlike himself, falteringly, and in broken sentences. His words were shreds of unconnected eloquence; and a fit seized him as he rose to reply to Richmond. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice gives a clear and keen sketch of his character, which he ends by calling him "the inspired statesman and the most commanding figure of English history during the first half of the eighteenth century."

The statesmen who still held him for their chief chose Lord Shelburne as his successor; but they were not strong enough to form a Government, and would not coalesce with the Ministry, so that Lord North was secured in power by Chatham's death. In 1779 Lord Shelburne married Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick. In December of that year he called attention to the Army Extraordinaries, and in the beginning of the year following brought forward a motion for a Committee of both Houses, consisting of neither placemen nor pensioners, to inquire into the expenditure of the public money, in which for some time the most flagrant corruption had prevailed. There was a strong public feeling in favour of reform which might have had its effect but for the unfortunate occurrence of the Lord George Gordon riots, which "came to teach the lesson that popular violence is a worse enemy to Reform than even a King such as George III., or a Minister such as Lord North." The King foresaw that he could safely dissolve Parliament; and, learning that Rockingham was despondent, opened negotiations with him. Rockingham in his reply practically gave up everything for which the Opposition had been struggling, and gave great offence to Shelburne, Grafton, Camden, and Richmond. Shelburne retired into the country. From considerations of space we must pass over some time to come to Lord Rockingham's death, and Lord Shelburne's Administration, and second negotiation on the American question with Franklin in Paris, to which Lord Edmond's sixth chapter is devoted. Difficulties were put in the way of this both by France and by Spain; and Vergennes at one time went so far as to say that peace with Spain could not be made without the cession of Gibraltar. On the 20th January, 1873, all difficulties were removed, and the preliminary Articles of peace between England and France and England and Spain were signed. A truce was at the same time settled between England and the States-General. "It was high time. The war party in France was still powerful. . . . Lafayette, that vain and insolent young man, as Fitzherbert termed him, went about fanning the waning flames of ill will between the two countries." But Lord Shelburne's Ministry was soon to be broken up by what Pitt called the "baneful alliance," which ended in the Coalition Ministry, with the Duke of Portland as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord North and Fox Secretaries of State, Lord Stormont President of the Council, Lord Carlisle Privy Seal, Lord Keppel First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord John Cavendish Chancellor of the Exchequer. Oswald and Fitzherbert were recalled from Paris, and the Duke of Manchester and Mr. Hartley appointed in their places. Lord Shelburne, on his retirement, devoted himself to studying political economy, and became convinced that the evil case of the rural poor "was in no small degree owing to the very laws intended for their relief":—

"I have long been mortified," he wrote to a friend, "to see the state of the poor in my own neighbourhood, and for some years past have given the state of them a great deal of my attention and observation. I am persuaded that whatever measure is adopted, the present poor rate should be immediately limited, and a plan prescribed for its gradual extinction.

There should be total suppression of ale houses, except where it is necessary for the accommodation of travellers. There are no ale houses in France. What a difference must this make in the prices of all manufactures, public morals, and police! The clubs or friendly societies should be encouraged by all possible means. There might be a parish holiday or festival once a year, with music or any other attraction, and upon the same day throughout England."

In the chapter headed "Retirement" we get glimpses, which we could wish were longer, of Mirabeau, Romilly, Ingenhousz, the Dutch physician, Bentham, and other visitors at Bowood. The next chapter to this deals with the part taken in the House by Lord Lansdowne, or Lord Shelburne, as it is more convenient still to call him, during the French Revolution. With this and the last chapter of the book we will leave readers to make acquaintance for themselves, taking leave of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice with a congratulation on the success with which he has performed a task which must have been as laborious as it is useful.

CANOE AND CAMP LIFE IN BRITISH GUIANA.*

MR. BARRINGTON BROWN'S book on British Guiana is so very well worth reading that we could wish it had been somewhat more readable. It inspires us with most friendly feelings towards the author; and it is impossible to help admiring him. He is an English pioneer of the best type; a skilled geologist, with general scientific attainments besides; a man of thoroughly manly character, who takes hardships and dangers as matters of course; who is equal to any amount of exertion; who bears up marvellously against the influence of an unwholesome climate; and who is supported by his unconquerable spirit when most men would have broken down. He has the art of getting on admirably with the natives, manages to overcome the difficulties of imperfect acquaintance with their languages, and is absolute master in his exploring parties. He has plunged into the depths of the swamps and forests that lie behind the strip of settled country, and has traced many of the streams to their sources. His book, with its exact and copious information, will be invaluable to those who desire to study the resources and physical characteristics of the colony, and we strongly recommend it to any enterprising novelist who may care to strike out a new line and to lay his scenes in an unfamiliar country. It will be his own fault, and not that of Mr. Brown, if he does not make the local colouring perfect. But we question whether the book is likely to be popular with the general reader. Not that Mr. Brown does not write excellent English and tell his story lucidly. Unfortunately for himself, however, he is deficient in literary skill; he confines himself too much to the concrete, dealing too little with generalities; and he would have given more point and animation to his narrative had he been somewhat more self-conscious and egotistical. He contents himself with publishing the diaries of expeditions that extended over several successive years, leaving it to his readers to analyse the information and lay hold of its salient features. A tenth part of his thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes would have made the literary fortune of a more sensational writer. But Mr. Brown was so much in the habit of playing fast and loose with death that familiarity seems to have bred indifference. It is impossible not to contrast his book with Mr. Palgrave's volume on the neighbouring Dutch settlements, which we took an opportunity of reviewing the other day. In some respects it gains by the comparison, although on the whole it loses. For Mr. Brown has penetrated far more deeply into the wilds than Mr. Palgrave; and, thanks to his long residence and his indefatigable explorations, he can give an exhaustive account of the country and its various races of semi-savage inhabitants, founded on personal knowledge and observation. But it does not come within the scope of his work to tell us much of the cities and the civilized settlers, or anything of the previous history of the colony. Mr. Palgrave, on the other hand, merely paid a brief and flying visit to Dutch Guiana, but he made excellent use of his time and opportunities. So that he embraces everything in an effective bird's-eye view, and his readers can master with the minimum of trouble all that is most interesting or best worth learning; while they carry away lively impressions of the picturesque features of a tropical society.

We would not have it to be supposed, however, that there is little interest in accompanying Mr. Brown in his adventurous expeditions. Very far from it. But, if we desire really to enjoy his exciting experiences, we must follow his narrative thoughtfully and leisurely, and call the imagination to our assistance. In British as in Dutch Guiana, the greater rivers and their tributaries are the highways of the country, and Mr. Brown travelled almost entirely by boat or in light native craft manned by Indians from the neighbouring villages. No doubt these Indian boatmen are admirably expert in the use of the oar or the paddle, and can pilot themselves with wonderful adroitness by the aid of a quick eye and supple arm. But he could not always depend on securing the best local skill; and there are places where the navigation is so intricate and full of danger that men who have been born and brought up on the banks cannot always guarantee one against accidents. A rise in the water may submerge sharp pointed rocks and change the flow of currents; and now and again, before you know where you are, you may be caught in

* *Canoe and Camp Life in British Guiana.* By C. Barrington Brown, late Government Surveyor in British Guiana. London: Edward Stanford, 1876.

some swift undertow that hurries you along towards a cataract. An upset would be certain death, as the strongest swimmer would be powerless. Mr. Brown was perpetually running serious risks, and not unfrequently in most critical situations, which he dismisses casually in a single line. "We got caught in the current," he may mention incidentally, "and came very near to losing the number of our mess." Then you should pause to think, if you wish to do justice to the scene and the circumstances. Your fancy calls up a rocky channel hemmed in between precipitous banks overhung with dense tropical foliage, and a little boat is being slowly deflected towards an irresistible rush of water, in spite of the frantic efforts of the crew, whose eyes and arms are starting from their sockets. Of course the Englishman takes it coolly, and very sensibly keeps his seat; but not the less can we conceive the turmoil of his feelings as he contemplates the chances of imminent destruction. And, apart from danger, the toil and exposure are very great, and in the intense heat and the miasma-laden air there were grave dangers in different shapes. Thus occasionally the unwieldy boat which Mr. Brown brought from the settlements had to be hauled over some long portage; "no easy matter, when it is considered that she was twenty-eight feet in length, and built of strong, heavy wood." The Indians were generally friendly, nor does it seem to have been necessary to carry arms as a protection. Nor were the caymans so great nuisances as might have been expected, though they might have complicated matters disagreeably in the event of an upset; and although it must have been agitating to unaccustomed nerves to bathe under their close observation. Perhaps the most objectionable feature about them was the overpowering odour of musk, which would sometimes fill the night air when the camp was pitched where they were plentiful. But some of the larger land animals might very well have been spared, especially in a country where impracticable jungle offers ambush at the very edge of the water. The most terrible of these were "the Warracaba tigers," a singularly ferocious species which goes hunting in packs; and which is so greatly dreaded by the natives that they will abandon their villages and crops before the incursions of the enemy. These creatures are to be scared neither by camp fires nor dogs; but fortunately, like witches and others of the feline tribe, they detest running water. The first time Mr. Brown heard them was at night, when the Indians fled from their camp in alarm, jumped into the boats, and pushed off into the stream. One shrill scream from the depths of the forest was answered by others awakening the echoes, so that, "although I knew that I was perfectly safe from these animals, having the river between us, yet I felt a sort of creeping sensation of horror pass through me." Now and then he stalked and had a shot at some solitary jaguar, who was seen from the boat on the skirt of the forest, or who lay basking on a log on the bank. But, although these animals are tenacious of life, they do not appear to be very formidable; generally making off when wounded, instead of charging their assailants. Snakes of course were in abundance, and some of them of great size and very poisonous. There are water-snakes whose deadly bite takes effect slowly, acting like mortification on the wounded limb, which "decays gradually away till death releases the sufferer."

But it is what, when taken in the aggregate, may be called the minor annoyances that make the misery of travelling in those parts. The rainfall is sometimes excessive; and it was nothing unusual to have to make the best of matters in a downpour against which the shrivelled thatch of an Indian hut was no sort of protection. A wetting of this kind among dripping surroundings may of course imply fever and ague, especially when for successive days there is no opportunity of drying yourself; and it says much for the strength of Mr. Brown's constitution that he did not suffer severely. Then the travelling parties were often reduced to short commons, for they could not overload themselves with supplies in ascending the shallow rivers; and often the Indians had little to sell. But undoubtedly the great bane of enjoyment was the creeping and flying things. There were flies that bit viciously; and more than once in marching through the forest the travellers were attacked by ticks, apparently of the sort that make walking so painful in the jungles of Siam and the Burmese peninsula. The bushes were loaded with them, and "each disgusting creature bit me in four or five places, and each bite turned to a water blister, and then burst, after which it itched dreadfully." Hordes of ants of all kinds were as ferocious as in Central Africa; while the huts where the party meant to sleep were often made untenable by the fleas, and still more by the chigoes. More than once the floors were covered thickly with these last-named torments, who have an instinct for burrowing under the toe nails and depositing their larvæ, which cause most painful sores unless they are very promptly extracted. Add to all that the physical difficulties of severe exercise in such a climate, and the fact that the feet get exceedingly sensitive, when it is almost impossible to heal the chafing, and it will be seen that the amateur may well hesitate before he starts for a tour in British Guiana.

Not that Mr. Brown, who went on duty, with a decided turn for that manner of life, did not find a great deal to interest him, independently of studies of the Indians and their customs. Very curious are the pictured rocks, to be seen among tribes who are incapable of executing them, and who have not the vaguest tradition of their origin. "No one that sees them can doubt for a moment that every sign has a meaning, or was made to serve some important purpose of the sculptors," Mr. Brown is of opinion that the

scroll-work and inscriptions were intended to record some striking event in the history of some ancient people. Much of the scenery is equally striking and magnificent; and very different from what one is apt to imagine as lying behind the tame mud flats of the cane plantations. The rocky plateau of Roraima is almost unique, "looking like a huge fortification, surrounded by glaciers," and crowned with forests, and drained by cataracts, although it is absolutely inaccessible on all sides. But Mr. Brown's grand discovery was the waterfall of Kaieteur; and when he first came back to the colony with an account of it, he was generally listened to with polite incredulity. But he was despatched to it a second time to survey it and take measurements, which give some idea of its stupendous proportions. When he first made acquaintance with it, he heard the roar of the waters, and his natives assured him that "it was higher than the trees." There, as at the Victoria falls on the Zambesi, one is enveloped in drifting masses of vapour; and, finally, on emerging from a grove of trees, our traveller was startled by the magnificent surprise that awaited him. The river on which he had been sailing, "curving over the edge in a smooth mass of a brownish tinge changing into snow-white fleecy foam, was precipitated downwards into a black seething cauldron hundreds of feet below." Subsequently he estimated the height of the fall at 822 feet, and the width at the edge at 269 feet; but the effect of the actual volume is greatly set off by the surroundings, of which Mr. Brown gives a vivid description. Very curious, too, is his account of the innumerable swallows that have chosen their nesting-places under the falls. There are other cataracts, one of them with a "singular, isolated, box-shaped mountain," resembling the ivied ruins of a castle towering in the background, which would make the fortune of any more accessible district; but for details of these very remarkable discoveries we must refer our readers to Mr. Brown himself.

LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

MR. BREWER'S volumes diminish neither in size nor in interest. The present instalment, for which we have been anxiously waiting for four years, is the bulkiest of all these huge tomes, and contains nearly thirteen hundred pages and between eighteen and nineteen hundred documents. It takes up the history from the beginning of the year 1529, and ends with the conclusion of 1530. And in many respects this is the most interesting period of the reign; for, though the narrative of the divorce runs over the seven years from 1527 to 1533, yet the principal part of the history may be said to be contained in the transactions of these two years. The volume contains a complete index to all the documents analysed in the three parts, as they are called, of the fourth volume, which comprises the period of seven years from 1524 to 1530 inclusive. The appendix also contains above two hundred and fifty documents accidentally omitted; not a very large number, when we remember the difficulty of collecting near seven thousand State papers from all the libraries in England and the archives of foreign countries, to say nothing of some letters which have been epitomized from printed books. But what is most curious about these omissions, which are for the most part papers of little consequence, is the fact that four of those which belong to the year 1530 are in the Record Office, and apparently were in their proper places a few years ago, for they have appeared in print in the *Records of the Reformation*, published at Oxford in 1870. From the index we find that there are about three hundred letters of Wolsey's epitomized, whilst those addressed to him, being chronicled under the headings of the names of the different writers, were too numerous to be again enumerated, and appear in the index with only the word *passim* opposite to them. But we should quite fail if we attempted to give any adequate idea of the labour involved in the compilation of such a volume. We can only express a fervent hope that Mr. Brewer's life and strength may be prolonged to enable him to complete the reign; but the prospect is distant, and life at best is short. As regards other difficulties in the execution of such a task, we may refer to the two copies of Wolsey's speech in the Divorce Court on June 28, 1529, as reproduced by two different readers. In the course of twenty lines there are as many as twenty variations in the copy as printed by Mr. Brewer and that in the *Records of the Reformation*. This of course represents an extreme case, for Wolsey's hand is a mere scrawl, and very difficult to read, and the document itself is also much mutilated, a good deal having to be supplied from conjecture.

As usual, there are so many points of interest in the documents that the difficulty consists in selecting what shall be noticed. Of course, first and foremost in importance is the Fall and Death of Wolsey. But our readers will remember that Mr. Brewer some months ago published his introduction to the period in anticipation of the present instalment of his fourth volume, and we took occasion at the time (see *Saturday Review* for February 26, and March 18, 1876) to say how far we agreed with Mr. Brewer, and how far we ventured to differ from his estimate of the great Cardinal of York. Omitting, therefore, any notice of Wolsey, we proceed to point out some of the documents which give a special value to this volume.

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M.A. Under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. IV. Part III. 1529-1530; with a General Index. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

There is no occasion now to speak of the immense advantage to future readers and writers of history of having the whole material ready to their hand in exact chronological order; but a reference to any volume of previously published Records will convince any person how inadequately even the best of such publications, when done by a single hand, have been executed. In the most recent Collection published in this country, the *Records of the Reformation*, the editor has frequently printed his Records from drafts and inferior copies existing in the Cottonian Collection, when the complete letter existed, though undiscovered by him, in the Record Office. Again, important ciphered despatches which have been omitted from all previous publications, and which have never been deciphered since the time when the despatch was written, are here for the first time brought to light; and it need scarcely be said that these, from the very fact of their having been written in cipher, give us more light than ordinary letters do into the mind of the writer, if not also into the circumstances of the time.

There are several of these ciphered despatches which refer to the breve produced by the Queen in October 1528. Till quite recently there have always been suspicions attached to this breve as if it had been a forgery. Dr. Lingard, with his usual sagacity, asserted his belief in its genuineness, and gave ample reasons for his belief. No one would any longer question it after the disclosures made in the despatches of Lee and Ghinucci from Spain. The Queen herself produced it, and it contained an assertion which never could have been made if it had been a forgery. And, after producing it, the Queen was obliged to protest that she would not be bound by it, asserting that the marriage between Prince Arthur and herself had never been consummated. This protest appeared November 7, 1528. We do not know whether the original of it is still to be found at Rome, or why Mr. Brewer omitted it from its proper place in the second part of the volume published in 1872. It appeared in print first in 1533, in a scarce little volume published at Luneberg, which contains two other valuable documents of 1503 and 1504, which were all reprinted in the *Records of the Reformation*. There are several other ciphered despatches referring to the trial before Wolsey and Campeggio in the summer of 1529, and to the attempts of the King's Ambassadors to prevent the advocacy of the cause to Rome. The following passage from a letter of Vannes from Rome to Wolsey is worth reproducing. It is dated June 30, 1529:—

Wolsey at one time said that unless the Pope complied with the King's request he would find some means to make His Holiness repent, and certain other expressions were used about privation. It would be good to frighten him thus if he could be moved by threats, but Vannes sees clearly that he only fears and hopes from the Emperor. Wolsey can see whether it would be better to irritate or restrain him.—P. 2542.

Wolsey could manage Leo X., but he entirely failed in the unequal contest he was waging with Clement VII., the Emperor, and Anne Boleyn. The poor Pope feared both the Emperor and the King, and though he knew that the side espoused by the Emperor was that of justice, yet could scarcely make up his mind to do what would offend Henry. There are several new and very interesting despatches in cipher from the Ambassadors at Rome, which throw much light on the conflicting feelings in the mind of Clement as regarded the advocacy of the cause to Rome, which was sure to come in the end. We know now from Campeggio's diary that it was never intended that the cause should be decided in the Divorce Court in England. Yet Vannes, who was at Rome, thought it might be, and told the King that he had better tell the Legate that, "although it is not true we have no fear of an avocation, lest he should defer judgment in expectation of it" (p. 2568). In another despatch Vannes writes to Wolsey on the same day that "the packet had been opened," and on the ciphered part of the letter adds, "what he had said above about the packet being opened is not true, but he wrote it that Wolsey might show it to Campeggio, if he complains of the non-delivery of his letters." These letters had been purposely kept from the Pope to prevent his advocating the cause to Rome. The fact which the letters contained, and which the Ambassadors wanted to conceal from the Pope, was that the Queen had been pronounced contumacious for refusing to recognize the Court, the intelligence of which would have induced the Pope instantly to advocate the case.

After the prorogation of the Court and the advocacy of the case, the letters become less interesting, and are not concealed in ciphers. The next subject which comes on is the mission of Croke to Italy to get the opinions of foreign theologians and universities as to the power possessed by the Pope of dispensing for the marriage of a brother with his deceased brother's wife. On this subject enough had already been brought to light in the *Records of the Reformation* to set at rest the question whether the King had or had not resorted to wholesale bribery to gain opinions in favour of what he wanted; but there are considerable additions to the correspondence of Croke and others who were commissioned to collect the sentences of the universities. Mr. Brewer has also frequently printed from a better copy than had been found previously; for Croke's drafts or copies of his own letters for the most part may be found in the Cottonian Library, whereas in many cases the actual letter as sent to the King exists in the Record Office. There is one case in which a friar had been bribed by Croke with the offer of fifty ducats, and had refused, alleging that he could not, as he had thrice written for the faith of Christ and the Church of Rome. And here we may notice the misplacement of a document in Mr. Brewer's

volume. The determination of the University of Orleans is calculated as having been given April 5, 1529, as it also appears in Ryme's *Federa*. That is really the date on the document, but there is added *ante Pascha*. Now in 1529 April 5 was the Monday after Low Sunday, more than a week after Easter, whereas in 1530 it falls on the Tuesday after the fifth Sunday in Lent, and is therefore correctly designated as *ante Pascha*. Neither is there any mistake in the reading of the original document or the printed copies from it. It is simply an instance of the mode of computing the year *Anno Domini* from Easter to Easter which prevailed in some parts of France from about the tenth to the sixteenth century. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the practice of beginning the year on January 1 seems to have been universally adopted in France. It is singular that no historian has ever noticed this point. The date of 1529 is impossible, because no suggestion had at that time been made about ascertaining the opinion of either English or foreign universities. But it is not a little remarkable how very rarely any allusion is made in the correspondence of the period to this decree of Orleans. We know, in fact, of no other than that in Du Bellay's letter of April 13, 1530, printed by Le Grand. The letter is printed in its proper place in Mr. Brewer's Calendar, but unfortunately no reference is made to it in the Index under the head of Orleans.

There is, however, another most curious document dated from Orleans, in which a fictitious case, somewhat resembling the King's, is proposed to two of the most celebrated professors of that University. It is dated June 30, 1530, and seems intended, under the fictitious names of Fontaneus, Priscilla, and Sybilla, to provide for the case of the King's taking upon himself to marry again upon his own authority. The opinion upon the whole seems to be that such conduct would hardly be defensible, but that the second marriage would nevertheless be valid, and that an appeal would lie either to the Pope or to a future General Council. The letter is addressed by Nicholas Wotton to Edward Foxe, who was at the time at Paris. And it is plain from the letter that Foxe had previously signified how he wanted the decision to be given, and made large promises of reward for an opinion given in the sense he required. The change of sex in the designation of the parties was a blind to conceal the real name of the applicant; but the great promises made, and the previous application to the University for their opinion in the King's case, must have enabled the two doctors to give a shrewd guess as to the real meaning of the fictitious case put before them.

We must reserve the interesting documents printed in this volume from the Simancas Records to a second article; premising only that they give us, as might be expected, the view of the case taken by the Emperor's side, and illustrate the powerful influence that Charles exerted over the mind of the Pope.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

NO American work can be more interesting to thoughtful Englishmen, or more valuable to Northern readers not wholly blinded by party passion and prejudice, than a fair and trustworthy account of the actual state of things in the South. Of the relations between the two races, the treatment of the negroes, the feelings of the whites towards them, and the adventurers who have climbed into power by their vote, the gravest misconceptions are fostered by Republican orators, and encouraged by the prejudices that have survived the war. So few Northern politicians have cared to make themselves practically acquainted with the people and politics of the other section of the Union, each party having its own views independent of fact, and the Republicans at least having interests of their own to serve which a complete knowledge and correct apprehension of facts might not exactly suit, that even in Congress the affairs of one half of the Union are almost as ill understood as on this side the Ocean. The little essay before us*, something more than a pamphlet, but scarcely amounting to a book, is written by Mr. Charles Nordhoff, formerly a Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and bears on its face a stamp of impartiality such as is rarely to be found in any article in Northern periodicals or any chapter in Northern histories or political treatises dealing with the past or present of the South. The writer is a Republican and an Abolitionist, and, as such, has certain indomitable prejudices which are not only not amenable to reason, but appear to him to be fundamental principles which it is impossible to doubt and needless to prove; as, for instance, that the most ignorant populace can rule themselves better than the wisest statesmen or aristocracy can rule them. But these very prejudices are for his present purpose an advantage. An author who is willing to consider the practical bearings of slavery and freedom on the condition, moral and social, of the negro, and fairly to inquire whether he is healthier and happier as a freeman than he was as a slave, or who should dream of questioning his right to vote or his power to use a vote wisely, would obtain no hearing from the great body of the Northern people, and even by many Democrats would be considered as a paradoxical and unpractical thinker. On the other hand, Mr. Nordhoff has been willing to keep his eyes open, and to accept the facts that he has plainly and distinctly seen; and as the experience

* *The Cotton States in the Spring and Summer of 1875*. By Charles Nordhoff, Author of "The Communist Societies of the United States," &c. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

of English correspondents has shown, every man who goes to the Cotton States with this predisposition to common justice, whatever his original ideas, becomes speedily convinced that the present state of things is intolerable; that its evils are due almost exclusively to the ascendancy of political adventurers, sustained nominally by the negro vote, practically by the Republican interest at the North, by Federal office-holders and Federal troops; and that the only chance of restoring order, prosperity, industry, and civil peace in the conquered section of the country is to allow the Government to fall back, as without Federal interference it would on our author's showing do, into the hands of the white citizens, the educated, intelligent, property-owning portion of the Southern people. Mr. Nordhoff's statements and figures, showing how the South has been taxed and despoiled for the benefit of Northern adventurers, will be very annoying to Radical politicians. But those Republicans whose first concern is for the Union, and who have desired to crush the white people of the South under the heel of the negro, only for the Union's sake, may perhaps learn wisdom and moderation from evidence which proves that the best chance for the maintenance of the Union lies in the restoration of legitimate political power to that part of the population of the South which is alone qualified to exercise it. Mr. Nordhoff clearly testifies that there is not in any part of the South any disposition to renew the attempt of Secession or to re-enslave the blacks, even if that were possible, and that none even of those who most complain of negro political preponderance conceive it possible to take away the franchise which it may have been foolish to grant. The South is loyal to its Secessionist chieftains and regards some of them or their memory with the strongest attachment. But this is natural and legitimate, and those who expect that the conquered should, because they were beaten, repent of their past conduct, and own it to have been either a blunder or a crime, would for the most part perceive the absurdity of their demand if they were but to formulate it in plain language. Mr. Nordhoff bears witness, moreover, to the fact that intimidation has been exercised much more freely by the Republicans than by the Democrats; that the negroes have been coerced by organized force applied by the majority of their own race under the direction of Northern adventurers and the whites, by Federal troops employed under the direction and at the command of Republican local politicians like Packard, Kellogg, Chamberlain, and their adherents. In those States which are under Republican control barefaced corruption, wholesale peculation, ruinous taxation, which falls entirely upon the whites, prevail unchecked. In Georgia, and wherever else the Democratic party, representing the entire intelligence and wealth as well as the entire white population of the States, has recovered its natural ascendancy, economy, industry, peace between the two races are the order of the day. The riots that have occurred in those States where the Republicans still maintain a precarious and unjust control are due, according to our author, rather to negro lawlessness and Republican policy than to the impetuous temper which doubtless prevails among at least the younger portion and the less educated classes of the white people. Such hostility as exists towards Northern settlers is due entirely to the fact that they are political supporters of those who have misgoverned, plundered, and trampled on the native people of the States. The whole of this little volume testifies to the sobriety, patience, and judgment of the Southern whites, to their natural influence over the negro, and to the certainty that, were Federal interference once withdrawn, and the power of the adventurers who have manipulated it for their own benefit thus overthrown, political antagonism between the two races would cease to be perceptible, and while a large portion of the negroes would no longer care to vote, the rest would fall amicably and peaceably under the influence of their white neighbours. Apparently, therefore, the Republican party and the Federal Executive in the hands of General Grant and his adherents are primarily responsible for all the fraudulent and tyrannical malpractices of the ruling faction in Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, and Mississippi, and for all the wrongs which the same faction, previously to its overthrow, inflicted on Alabama, Arkansas, and other of the Southern States which have now cast off its yoke; and that in the installation of Mr. Tilden as President lies the one hope that the South may be practically "reconstructed" on a natural and therefore enduring political basis, before waste, malversation, and misgovernment have utterly ruined her resources and demoralized her people. We cannot but recommend this little work to the earnest attention of all who are interested in the politics of America.

The provisions made for public education of every kind in America are, in their way, complete almost beyond any European precedent. It is true that the instruction actually given is often imperfect and inaccurate; that the education really received is too generally flimsy, superficial, and calculated rather to produce a vague idea and general conceit of knowledge, than a real comprehension of any single branch of human learning; but this is due rather to a mistaken ambition, and a hurry incompatible with solid or complete study, than to any deficiency in the means provided for all and accessible to all. Not only have the States established schools and endowed them so liberally that almost any American youth who can spare the time—whose parents, that is, can maintain him in unremunerative employment during a sufficient period—may at little or no expense to himself enjoy the best education which America can give; an education not so good as that of an English or German University, but far superior to that which the great majority of Englishmen can possibly

obtain. They have also endeavoured, not without success, to bring books on every subject, and generally the best books on each subject, within the reach of students of every age at school or college, or engaged in the business of life and finding but scanty leisure for reading. Public libraries of every kind are scattered all over the Northern and Western sections of the Union, and existed, if not so abundantly, yet very frequently, in the South until the savage manner in which the war was conducted by such chiefs as Sherman, Sheridan, Hunter, Butler, and their like, destroyed libraries and learned institutions, as well as public archives, simply for the sake of mischief and the gratification of spite—a fact not to be forgotten when we consider the relations between South and North, and the present temper of the Southern people. In the Report before us*, which enumerates and describes nearly all the considerable public libraries of the Union, we find one Southern library after another mentioned as having been destroyed or dispersed, the books burned or carried away, during the war. The pecuniary provision made from one source or another for the maintenance and increase of public libraries is, on the whole, very ample, though very unevenly distributed. In the year 1800 there were in the United States forty-nine libraries, with about eighty thousand volumes; in 1876 there are nearly three thousand seven hundred, with upwards of twelve million volumes, and a million and a half of pamphlets. A yearly income of 1,400,000 dollars is claimed by 830 of these libraries, or less than one-fourth of the entire number. The annual increase of the number of books, estimated from a partial return, must be about one million; and the yearly circulation, similarly estimated, probably exceeds twenty millions, allowing for the evident likelihood that those libraries (about one-fifth of the whole) which have reported their yearly circulation are those whose resources are the largest and whose books are most freely used. As a general rule, the most liberal use of the public libraries is permitted to all their members, and in the case of those which belong to towns or to independent institutions the volumes are accessible to all who wish to read them. With regard to the lending of books out of the library the rules differ, but are on the whole more liberal than those of most English libraries of high character. In many cases a part of the school tax is appropriated to the maintenance of school or other public libraries; but it appears that during the last few years the rule has not been strictly observed, and the fund thus set apart has been applied to the general expenses of the public schools. Private donations and bequests have perhaps contributed more largely than any other resource to the multiplication of separate libraries and the increase of volumes in all the more important ones. The Report, a departmental paper of the Bureau of Education, from which we take these facts, contains also a variety of most interesting suggestions respecting the means by which the hardest task of librarians, the formation of serviceable catalogues, may be facilitated, and on the regulations by which public collections of books may be rendered most fully available to readers. The chapters headed "Reading in Popular Libraries," "Free Libraries," "College Library Administration," and "Library Catalogues" are well worth the study of all who are interested in the administration whether of great public literary institutions or of small parochial book-clubs. The work as a whole is too extensive, minute, and elaborate for the general reader; but, like so many other American State papers of a similar character, it contains a perfect encyclopædia of knowledge respecting its own particular topic, and as a work of reference should be considered essential to every well-furnished public library.

An interesting, though somewhat fragmentary, treatise on so-called Anglo-Saxon law† is compiled by four writers. The work is divided into four parts—a chapter by Mr. Henry Adams on the Anglo-Saxon Courts of Law; one by Mr. Chabot Lodge on the Land Law; one by Mr. Ernest Young on the Family Law; and one by Mr. Laurence Laughlin on the Legal Procedure. The general purport of the work is to point out the imperfect and exceedingly rude character of old English law, even in those times when it was most efficiently and distinctly administered under such princes as Alfred and Cnut, or during the long period of peace under the reign of Edward the Confessor which preceded the Norman Conquest. Some of the views of the writers may no doubt be disputed, but we cannot here go into detailed criticism. It is, however, satisfactory to find that American students are taking an interest in such subjects.

A translation of the *Ethics of Spinoza*‡, by a writer who gives his initials but not his name, is prefaced by a sketch of the life and writings of the great Jewish moralist and metaphysician, which will be acceptable to many who have heard of Spinoza as one of the greatest of modern thinkers, but know very little concerning his character or his opinions.

We have before us two works on natural history of peculiar merit and value. *A Guide to the Study of Insects*§ treats

* *Public Libraries in the United States of America; their History, Condition, and Management.* Special Report. Department of the Interior; Bureau of Education. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

† *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law.* Boston: Settle, Brown, & Co. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Ethics of Benedict Spinoza.* From the Latin; with an Introductory Sketch of his Life and Writings. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *A Guide to the Study of Insects, and a Treatise on those Injurious and Beneficial to Crops.* By A. S. Packard, Junior, M.D. Fifth Edition. Illustrated. New York: Holt & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

its subject much in the usual manner, with technical arrangement and description, supplemented with much fuller information regarding the habits of the various genera and species than is to be found in the majority of similar treatises; but it is mainly remarkable from the chapters on the injuries and benefits which crops receive from insects of various orders—a disquisition which will be exceedingly useful to those agriculturists and general readers for whom the work is chiefly intended. We find, again, scattered over the pages of this solid volume, brief accounts of various questions of practical entomology; such, for instance, as the silkworm disease, the experiments tried by Captain Hutton in India being briefly but fully described. An extract from the proceedings of the London Entomological Society shows that the white silkworm is supposed to be a degenerate breed; that where the dark-grey or brindled worms, which occasionally occur in a brood of the ordinary colour, are preserved, a new race of stronger and larger worms is formed which appear not to be subject to the disease, the latter being therefore supposed to be the result of long continued interbreeding and consequent degeneracy. A work of far greater beauty in itself, and likely to be more interesting to the general reader, and certainly more attractive to those who rather skim than study works on natural history, is an excellent treatise on the Canadian birds of prey*, illustrated by splendid photographs of all the more remarkable species described in the text. The clearness and beauty of the illustrations is even more remarkable than the general excellence of execution perceptible throughout the volume; and even those least interested in the subject will look with pleasure at the admirable plates which reproduce to the eye, with extraordinary clearness and accuracy, the forms of the eagles, falcons, hawks, and owls of the Dominion.

Professor Dwight's treatise on *The Anatomy of the Head*† is one of those technical monographs which the ordinary reader has seldom the knowledge clearly to apprehend, and still more rarely the leisure to study. Of an entirely opposite character is a work entitled *The Religion of Evolution*‡, in which the writer attempts to produce a distinct theological system compatible with, if not distinctly resting upon, the Christian system from the Darwinian doctrine of development, making use of that doctrine to get rid of what seems to him to be the crucial difficulty of the existence of evil. How far he is successful on this latter point we cannot here attempt to pronounce; but the work will do good if it serves to indicate to timid religionists the truth that creation by law and by gradual development is just as easily reconciled with—nay, just as much demands—the interposition of an originator and the constant supervision of an intelligent mind, as the theory of direct creation, and that the fundamental truths of religion are not necessarily affected by any conclusion to which science may come respecting the evolutionary hypothesis.

Mr. Warner, favourably known to many readers both in America and England as a writer of descriptive and meditative essays on scenery, among which *My Summer in a Garden* and *Back Log Studies* are the best known, having spent a few months on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, has made his experiences and observations there the basis of two volumes, the second of which, entitled *In the Levant*§, is now before us. The merit and interest of Mr. Warner's writings lie chiefly, if not exclusively, in his power of lively portraiture, and especially in his aptitude to catch hold of some new feature of a familiar scene. Of new facts neither he nor any other traveller in the Levant can have much to give us, and this work barely touches any of the political considerations with which at this time the East is chiefly associated in our minds.

A shorter but not less readable story of travel is entitled *Six Weeks in Norway*||. Americans do not visit that country so often as Englishmen, having perhaps less need to resort to the wild sports which it affords, considering what abundance of sport, perilous and other, they can find in the yet uncultivated or imperfectly settled regions within easy reach of their own homes. For this reason, as the scenes are less familiar, this new account of them may be more interesting to the writer's countrymen than to ourselves.

The Complete American Trapper¶ may be useful to the fur-hunter, interesting to boys, many of whom no doubt will try to imitate the simpler of the traps therein described, and amusing to older readers even of sedentary habits, who may dip into it here and there and find in it curious and suggestive illustrations of life in the wildest districts of North America. The cuts by which the

work is ornamented really serve to explain the nature of the implements of the trapper's art; and to those who have time and inclination to read the little volume through, it will no doubt give a pretty clear notion of the methods by which that large supply of furs which European and Transatlantic fashion demands are still procured, though the supply is constantly diminishing and the difficulty and cost of obtaining it constantly on the increase.

*English History in Short Stories** is a somewhat unhistorical series of anecdotes, or more frequently of general sketches, too short, for the most part, to be either instructive or interesting; and the youngest reader will gather from them little that he did not know before, and nothing that will fix itself in his memory or command his attention. No doubt the history of any country may be told in stories short enough to be quickly read, and graphic and striking enough to be long remembered; but in that case each incident must be dealt with by itself, and attempts to portray general character or to describe a whole period in a few sentences must be entirely abandoned. The writer of this little work has adopted an exactly opposite course, and the result is a signal example of all that is to be avoided in writing history for children.

Hours with John Darby† is the queer title of a series of lectures on various topics relating to domestic and conjugal life, which take the form of harangues addressed by a priggish, dogmatic, prosy philosopher to a disciple, assumed to be somewhat impetuous and impatient, but who would prove the injustice of this assumption if he listened to one tithe of the good advice herein spun out so as to occupy many hours with material which could probably be more impressively conveyed in as many minutes.

The Housekeeper's Friend‡ is a domestic manual of another kind—a practical receipt-book, some of whose contents may be not unprofitably appropriated by English compilers, who might diffuse in our kitchens a knowledge of many of the simpler and more agreeable forms of American cookery.

Churchyard Literature§ is little more than a collection of quaint epitaphs from American cemeteries, which seem to be as rich therein as our own, despite their much briefer history.

In Osgood's Vest Pocket Series we find a little volume on Charles Dickens||, which may be acceptable to such of the worshippers of that author as share his own practical notions on the relations between literary eminence and domestic privacy. The writer who endeavoured to involve his publishers in his domestic quarrels, and took the public into his confidence thereupon, would hardly be disposed, were he living, to find fault with this publication, though it contains some things which a more sensitive taste might consider as unwarranted violations of social and friendly confidence.

We may mention two more of Messrs. Osgood's miniature series—namely, another volume of Mr. Emerson's works, comprising his *Nature*¶; and, in signal contrast, a lively little story of the meeting of two lovers who had bitterly quarrelled in a parlour car** which is left behind by its train. Of course, after much sparring, the parties are reconciled by a peril which, after all, turns out to be imaginary.

We do not know whether commercial morality is greatly worse in America than in England; but we are inclined to think that its defects are more palpable, and that offences against common honesty are more insolently paraded and less sharply condemned by general opinion on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Newton's lectures on this subject†† rather confirm our view, and have at any rate the merit, rare in ecclesiastical literature, of being practical addresses to men of the world on one of the great practical vices and evils which they encounter, and must either encourage or resist, in their daily life.

In *Troubadours and Trouveres*‡‡ Mr. Preston sketches briefly and not ungracefully the principal features of the literature of old Provence, illustrating his remarks by quotations and translations which, together with his general criticisms, will help to give readers unfamiliar with the poetry of the *langue d'oc* a rough idea of its peculiar merits and attractions.

Mrs. Prentiss's *Home at Greylock*§§ is a story of the average

* *English History in Short Stories*. Boston: Settle, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *Hours with John Darby*. By the Author of "Thinkers and Thinking," &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Housekeeper's Friend: a Practical Cook Book*. Compiled by a Lady of Zanesville, and Sold for the Benefit of the Home of the Friendless, Zanesville, Ohio: Sullivan & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

§ *Churchyard Literature: a Choice Collection of American Epitaphs, with Remarks on Monumental Inscriptions and the Obsequies of various Nations*. By J. R. Keppax. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

|| *In and Out of Doors with Charles Dickens*. By James D. Fields. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

¶ *Nature*. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

** *The Parlour Car*. A Farce. By William D. Howells. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

†† *The Morals of Trade*. Two Lectures given in the Nathan Memorial Church, New York. By R. Heber Newton. New York: King & Whitaker. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡‡ *Troubadours and Trouveres, New and Old*. By Howard W. Preston. Author of "Aspendale," &c. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§§ *The Home at Greylock*. By Mrs. E. Prentiss. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

* *Our Birds of Prey; or, the Eagles, Hawks, and Owls of Canada*. By Henry G. Vennor, F.G.S. With Thirty Photographic Illustrations. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *The Anatomy of the Head*. By Thomas Dwight, M.D., Professor of Anatomy at the Medical School of Maine, &c. With Six Lithographic Plates. New York: Hurd & Hutton. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Religion of Evolution*. By M. J. Savage, Author of "Christianity the Science of Manhood." Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *In the Levant*. By Charles Dudley Warner, Author of "My Summer in a Garden," "Back Log Studies," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

|| *Six Weeks in Norway*. By E. L. Anderson, Author of "Northern Ballads." Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

¶ *The Complete American Trapper; or, the Tricks of Trapping and Trap-making: a Trapper's Repository. Also, an extended Chapter on Life in the Woods*. By William H. Gibson. Fully Illustrated by the Author. New York: J. Miller. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

railway type, or perhaps rather better than the generality of American books of the same class. *Is That All?* belongs to the "No Name" Series; but it is not one of those books which make it difficult to understand the author's preference for anonymity. *Tales from Two Hemispheres* is a collection of lively little stories, partly of Northern Europe, whose merits are quite equal to their modest pretensions, and which will probably be read with as much pleasure, and remembered as long, as is often the case with such ephemeral productions.

We have to notice two good renderings of some of the best of the Scandinavian Sagas—*Viking Tales of the North*, by three authors, all of whom have given great pains and care to their task; and *Fridthjof's Saga*, translated into English poetry, not perhaps of the highest, but at any rate of a very readable, order.

Of poetry of an average sort we have several volumes, including Mr. Aldrich's *Flower and Thorn*, Mrs. Piatt's *New World*, Mr. Lanier's collected *Poems*, Mr. Peacock's *Vendetta*, an effort somewhat more ambitious than successful, and *Sir Ras*, something between a pastoral and a romance, wanting alike in the peculiar grace which alone can make the former readable, and in the vigour and sense necessary to prevent the latter from degenerating into weak extravagance.

* *Is That All?* "No Name" Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *Tales from Two Hemispheres*. By H. Boyesen, Author of "Gunnar," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

‡ *Viking Tales of the North. The Sagas of Thor's Time, Viking's Son, and Fridthjof the Bold*. Translated from the Icelandic by Rasmus B. Anderson, A.M., Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin; and Jon Bjarnason. Also Tegner's "Fridthjof's Saga." Translated into English by George Stevens. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

§ *Fridthjof's Saga: a Norse Romance*. By Esias Tegner, Bishop of Wexio. Translated from the Swedish by Thomas A. E. Holcomb and Martha A. Lyon Holcomb. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

|| *Flower and Thorn: Later Poems*. By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

¶ *That New World, and Other Poems*. By Mrs. T. M. B. Piatt, Author of "A Woman's Poems," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

** *Poems*. By Sidney Lanier. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co.

†† *The Vendetta, and Other Poems*. By Thomas Pryor Peacock. Topeka, Kansas: Democrat Printing House. 1876.

‡‡ *Sir Ras: a Poem*. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1877.

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